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MEMORIAL

OF

MARY WHITE WICKER.

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THE BEQUEST OF
JOSEPH HENRY THAYER
LATE PROFESSOR IN THE SCHOOL

20 March 1902

MEMORIAL

OF

MARY WHITE WICKER:

A Funeral Sermon

DELIVERED AT TICONDEROGA, N. Y., AUG. 26, 1865,

BY

REV. L. A. AUSTIN,
OF ORWELL, VT.

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"Immortal souls are under my care; earnest eyes look at me every day; sometimes they seem to say, 'Dying, dying!'"

MARY WHITE WICKER,
while teacher at the Ticonderoga Academy.

SERMON.

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."—AMOS iv. 12.

WE must all meet God. In this life we may refuse to come to him, and we may in great measure shut him out from the sphere of our consciousness. We may seem to ourselves to be free from his presence and control, and we may give ourselves up with a feeling of security to the dream that it will be always with us as it seems now. In that dream we may utterly forget the awful truth that we must meet God.

But there will be a terrible waking from that sleep. Death will bear us suddenly into the presence of Jehovah. We shall not lie down to a dreamless sleep, nor shall we wander on in other spheres where there is no immediate presence of Deity. No! the spirit will return to God who gave it; the conscious being will come before its Author.

And in an appointed day the whole human race in one vast assembly will meet God. The graves will be opened, and the dead, both small and great, will stand before him. We must all, my friends, stand in that assembly. We must each then meet our God. Let us, therefore, here in the solemn presence of Death, consider the nature of that meeting with God to which death will soon bear us.

1. We shall go to that meeting as guilty rebels into the presence of a betrayed *Sovereign.*

We are subjects of his government. He is the King of

kings — the Lord of the whole earth. He is the rightful Lord of the human race, because of the qualifications that support his claims. He alone has the omniscience necessary to excercise universal dominion wisely; infinite holiness, to do it justly; omnipotence, to do it effectively; and infinite love, to direct such an exalted authority to benevolent ends. Still higher is God's claim to our service in view of the relations he sustains to us. As our Creator — as the Author of all good bestowed upon us — he has a stronger demand upon our obedience. And as a Sovereign whose service secures our highest welfare, we are still further bound to be his faithful subjects.

All these claims we have resisted. We have inexcusably, wickedly, and persistently broken our allegiance to this rightful Sovereign. We have rebelled against his government. We have served under Satan, his enemy, all whose efforts are aimed at the overthrow of his dominion. We have led others into rebellion. By precept and by practice we have encouraged them to harden themselves against Jehovah. In all this we have rebelled against our Sovereign inexcusably; for his reign over us was in every way merciful, and for our highest good. We have done this wickedly, — from hostility to rightful authority and righteous laws, — intelligently taking upon ourselves the whole responsibility for our conduct. And because we seemed to do this with impunity — because the lightnings of God's wrath did not smite us in the act of provocation — we have done it persistently. Up to this hour, all of us, in greater or less measure, and some of us, perhaps, to an extent fearfully near to being total, have been trampling upon the authority of our Sovereign.

But it will not always be thus. We shall be summoned into the presence of God. He will come not as once, with

the humble mien of Jesus of Nazareth, but clothed in all the pomp of regal authority, in all the power of a King, not holding the sword in vain.

We cannot flee from his dominions, for they are everywhere. We cannot hide from his notice, for his eyes run to and fro in all the earth. We cannot escape his hand, but must be brought into his presence with all the guilt of our rebellion and treason upon us. We can none of us establish a claim to perfect loyalty. We must each look upon a betrayed King, whose power to punish our sins is as infinite as his wrath against them. That must be a terrible meeting.

2. In another view, the guilt with which we shall come into the presence of God is greatly increased. That meeting will be between a loving *Father*, disobeyed and forsaken, and the children who have so unnaturally spurned his love. He is to us a gentle King, long entreating us to render that service which he has a right to demand. But, more than this, he is a faithful Parent, with a heart full of love and care for us. That infinite heart we can never fathom; but we know that he is a Father, tender, pitiful, and indulgent, immeasurably beyond our highest conception. He is the Author of our being. We are all his offspring. He proves his fatherhood over all our race by what he has done for mankind. He shows himself our Father in what he has done for each of us. Even in chastisement he has been a Father still. The strokes of his rod have been for our profit. While his hand has been heavy upon us, his looks have been full of the love that shone out from his heart.

This Father we have disobeyed, resisted, forsaken. Though his voice is always pleading with us to return,—though his feelings towards us are such as are represented in the parable of the prodigal son,—we yet hasten farther and farther

away from him. We go till his voice sounds faintly in our ears, and the love of his fatherly heart is forgotten; then we consume his gifts in promoting our own ruin. We forsake him in refusing to dwell with him, to call upon him, to listen to his paternal admonitions, to study and obey his wise regulations for the government of his household. We forsake and scorn him in neglecting his requirements, and shutting our ears against his parental entreaties. We manifest the most unfilial ingratitude in slighting his favors, — receiving them without thankfulness, consuming them upon our lusts, making them but stepping-stones in our progress to deeper and deeper degradation and ruin. We are most unnatural children, in that we return hate for his infinite, sacrificing love. His earnest call is, "Son, give me thine heart;" our answer is neglect, indifference, contempt, hatred. And what fearful crimes are these against such a Father! And what a vast sum of them is recorded in God's book! What a record to meet in the day when we shall stand before the throne of Jehovah! How will every sin in that dark account be blackened by the fact of its having been committed against our heavenly Father! This will make that meeting tenfold more terrible.

3. In yet another view the thought of that meeting is calculated to awaken our fears to a still greater degree. When we consider the object for which we are to be brought before the Almighty, we have abundant reason for trembling at the awful prospect. There the criminal must stand in the presence of his *Judge*. There the sentence is to be pronounced. There the everlasting punishment is to begin. There the bankrupt debtor, unable to pay and having no surety, will be cast into the prison-house of despair, from which there is no escape forever. There the betrayed Sovereign will vindi-

cate his despised authority. There treason against God, an infinitely greater sin than treason against any human government, will meet its punishment — swift, sure, terrible, and eternal. Those guilty of this crime, taken with the weapons of rebellion in their hands, arrested in the very act of resisting the Divine Authority, and with none to plead in their behalf, will find no pardon, no escape, no reprieve; only sudden and everlasting destruction.

There, too, not only a Sovereign's but a Father's authority will be vindicated. His rebellious children will look upon his face to find it not marred with grief, as in the person of Jesus, but serene in its divine majesty; not smiling upon them with compassion and favor, but clothed with the sorrowful sternness of a father who must punish his rebellious child. They will hear his voice, no longer in earnest entreaty or solemn warning, but in the utterance of an irrevocable sentence. They will behold his arm, no longer reaching out after them to embrace them, but driving them forever from his presence. That voice they must obey. To that arm they must at last yield. Since there is no hope of their ever becoming faithful children, they must be banished forever from the home that their presence could only disturb.

Terrible thought, that such will be the meeting of multitudes with their God! And yet more terrible, of such a meeting are we each of us in danger. Most overwhelming thought of all, toward such a meeting are some of us hastening, and such we shall find at last! And yet this need not be. Still the prophet cries to us, "Prepare to meet thy God." So long as that voice sounds in our ears, there is hope for each of us.

This hope is offered to you to-day. I come to you with the divine message, "Prepare to meet thy God." The path

of repentance is yet open. You may cast away the weapons of rebellion, and become the loyal subjects of the great King. The Father will yet run to meet the returning prodigal. Yet, while the eternal sentence delays its execution, Jesus the successful Advocate offers to plead your cause and secure your acquittal. Through him the rebel may be pardoned, the sinner justified, the wayward son received into his Father's house forever.

By these glorious possibilities, which may so soon be beyond your grasp; by those words of Holy Writ, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God;" by the eternal woes that shall come upon those who fail to heed the counsel of the text, I beseech you, each one, "Prepare to meet thy God."

But I do not depend upon these considerations alone, nor upon my own comparatively feeble words, to enforce the most earnest religious appeals upon your minds to-day. There is another whose voiceless warning comes to you. Death is the mighty pleader to whom I ask you to listen. He has spoken frequently to you of late. For nearly a month the brooding of an epidemic over this people has intensified every motive to religious seriousness. It is not a month since death visited this family. To-day he repeats his counsel from yonder coffin. The expression has faded from those eyes; the lips are silent and motionless: yet around that form the air is full of impassioned whisperings to the soul, and the burden of them all is, "Prepare to meet thy God." Some of those voices are echoes of words that were sent as religious messages to many of you in her last illness; some are living sentences that her hand recorded; some are the unwritten lessons of her example.

That a portion of these counsels may take definite shape for you — that they may, with God's help, impress the subject of this discourse more vividly upon your minds — I am about to read to you certain extracts from the recent correspondence of her of thrice-beloved memory whom we mourn to-day. They are not introduced here in eulogy, but rather to magnify God's grace unto her, and especially to commend to you, through her words and example, that preparation to meet God which she made, and to which she was accustomed to urge others. They are introduced purely to deepen Christian impressions in you; and, though certainly never intended for other eyes than those of the private friends to whom they were addressed, they are such as we have thought that, by possibility, even she might have been induced with great difficulty to permit us to use *for such a purpose*, though it would assuredly have been at the sacrifice of much delicacy of feeling.

As preliminary to these quotations from her letters, I give in brief outline the prominent events of her life.

MARY WHITE WICKER was born at Ticonderoga, N. Y., May 13, 1843. She was the first scholar, and continued for ten terms a pupil at the Ticonderoga Academy. September 16, 1862, she entered Mount Holyoke Seminary at South Hadley, Mass. She became a member of the Congregational church at South Hadley, May 3, 1863. In 1864–5, she was a teacher in the Ticonderoga Academy. She died August 24, 1865.

The letters which I read, beginning in the year 1860, exhibit from that time forward the development of her mind and heart. Some of the earlier extracts are introduced as showing her state of mind before the proper beginning of her religious life.

I purpose to make no comment upon these letters.*

TICONDEROGA, AUG. 27, 1860.

. . . . . I shall try to love our new preceptress (if we have one); but if I love her one-half as much as I did you, it will be more than I expect to do. Somehow I felt that you cared for us more than just during study hours, because I knew that when we did right or wrong you cared as a dear friend, which you were to us all. When I did wrong I felt reproved by your teaching more than I ever did by that of any one else. . . . . .

Mrs. ——, you are right. This world *does not* satisfy me. I have a great many sober thoughts all to myself. I would give worlds, were they mine to give, were I only a Christian. I make high resolves for the future, and determine to live a better and nobler life; but I fear that on mingling with the world again my many resolves are scattered. Then I become discouraged, and think that it is worse to make resolutions and not keep them than it is to make none at all, and that I will cease making any; still, such false reasoning will not satisfy. Oh, that voice of truth and conscience that is ever our guardian angel! it *will* tell me I am wrong. I feel that nothing can be done without the greatest effort on my part, and that it is all my own fault that I am nothing better. Still, I fear that with all these proofs and wishes I shall never be a Christian. It is solemn and awful to think of the fate that awaits those who have no hope; and the question arises, Am I content to remain one of those? There is something far, far above me to live for which I know nothing of. My prayer is that I may yet live for some good.

TICONDEROGA, OCT. 21, 1860.

. . . . . I fear that I am almost too careless about what I do and say, to make people love me. I don't mean to act badly, but I can't help doing so sometimes. I speak before I think, which order should be reversed, I suppose. But I think that I can tell when I do wrong, as well as those that are far better than myself. I know that I have a great share of conscience, and when I do wrong it ever is my good angel to warn and reprove me.

* Only a portion of the extracts here presented was read at the time of the delivery of the discourse, large parts of the correspondence then not having been collected. Other extracts with a few passages of new matter in the concluding portion of the memorial are now added, most of them for their religious, but a few for their biographical interest.

Sometimes I make great resolutions, all to myself, mind you, that I will do very much better, and try to be good and live for something. Sometimes I see and feel that I am of no use to any one, that I do no good in the world; and have all such unpleasant reflections. I do want to be good and to live for some noble purpose; I want to feel that I have an influence with my friends, and a good one. I think a great deal more than you imagine I do, for when I am with any one you know how extremely talkative I am; but when I am alone I love to think over what I have done through the day, and what I ought to do. Often very sad and reproachful thoughts are called forth, bidding me strive and work for something, — for some good to my fellow-creatures. But I will tell you, what you already know full well, that I don't keep all these resolutions; yet for all that I do not forget them wholly, and perhaps I may sometime live up to some of them. Sometime is often far off, is it not?

TICONDEROGA, JAN. 26, 1861.

..... I have read four books of Caesar. E—— read the third and fourth with me; she disliked the study very much, but I liked it, and find Virgil very much *harder*, though I like it..... I love to study, and have made up my mind I will! I intend to go to Mt. Holyoke, though perhaps I cannot until a year from next fall; but I think it is best to go, even though I do not get through school quite as soon as I would like. I have made up my mind firmly to have an education; so I am sure that some way will open for me.

TICONDEROGA, MARCH 3, 1861.

A long day it has been, and I regret to say I fear not very well employed by me; for I've felt, just as I most of all ways hate to, in a sort of careless, sleepy way, not thinking of anything in particular. I like to be wide awake, and with something earnest to be thinking of.....

I love to get away all alone and think; I do so a great deal, but I am afraid I don't fix my thoughts and attention enough upon one thing. I presume one great fault with me is that I mark my standard too high: I can't ever get near it. I remember reading once something like this: "We are as far below what our aspirations are as a vain man is from what he thinks himself;" some truth in it, isn't there? M——, when I get to thinking, sometimes I feel that I will do better, that I will try to live so that I may feel that my life is of some use. Why, what good can or *do* I possibly do in the world? Now I don't like this state of things; I can't always have it so,

and I believe I won't! There, that is a strong assertion, Mary Wicker: see that you remember it awhile.

TICONDEROGA, APRIL 23, 1861.

. . . . . I expect to commence teaching school to-morrow. I feel much worried about it; but I know this, that I shall try harder than I ever did before about anything. It seems a great responsibility resting upon me. Perhaps it will do me good; for I must try to do very much better myself: I must try to have my example a *little bit good.* I think that I shall like teaching, and I shall try to enter heart and soul into the work, so that if I do fail it will be because I am not capable of filling my place, not that I do not try. I *must* like it, for I wish to fit myself for a teacher. I have made up my mind fully to this thing, that when I go to school again, *I will be thorough.* You will see if I do not keep the resolution. I was thinking about this yesterday when I was reading that book, "The Student's Manual," and I saw wherein I was greatly wrong. I am exceedingly glad I have found out; and I am resolved that I will live up to these thoughts. I may or can not fully, but I can in a great measure.

TICONDEROGA, APRIL 28, 1861.

. . . . . Yes, I have commenced my school, and have taught three days. I scarcely know what to tell you about it; but I like it *well*, and am determined that I *will* like it. I have great fears for myself, though; I am afraid I cannot know my duty and do it. I shall try to do as well as I can; and that, I fear, will be but ill. I truly feel the responsibility that is resting upon me, for I fear that I may say or do something which may injure rather than profit some scholar. . . . .

No, I do not mean to get discouraged; for if I do not approach the standard, or follow in the plan I have marked out, I may at least do some little good: may instil into the hearts of my pupils some little thought which shall mature in after years. While I remember how responsible a work I have undertaken, something at the same time spurs me to greater efforts, and I feel the import of these words, "Nothing in this world is of any worth which has not labor and toil as its price." I have twenty-one scholars, a good many small ones: six in their letters, four in the first reader. I was afraid that I should not have scholars enough to keep me busy; but there is not a moment to be idle, and would not be if I had only half that number. I have to watch them pretty closely to keep them all studying. I am going to try not to worry so much about my school. I like it, and am glad that I did not go to school this summer. I keep to that resolution, to try to fit myself for a teacher. M——, let us

both go back to the Academy next fall, and will we not study? oh, so much more than last fall! For myself, I mean to study far more than I ever did before. I would not wish you to study more than you did last summer, but I never have studied as hard as you. I hope nothing may prevent me from trying my resolutions next fall. I see now just how I would study; and another thing I have fully resolved, that I will be more thorough. I know that I went over my studies too fast. This last term that I have been at school, I have passed over longer lessons than I could get well. I have had a little while to think since I left school, and I have made up my mind to be more thorough if I do not advance as fast; for in a little while I shall thus be able to advance the faster, because what I *learn* in one lesson will come up in another, and I want to try not to have to learn the same thing twice. M——, I believe that you have been more thorough than I. Were you always so, or was it resolved upon from past experience? I did not use to get half that was in my Virgil lessons, I believe. I suppose that it will be hard to break up bad habits of study; but I partly did last term, for I did not try to remember my lessons, but to understand them. I laugh when I think of my rhetoric lessons! why didn't you tell me better?

TICONDEROGA, JUNE 23, 1861.

. . . . . I love to teach. It seems to me that I should like such a life as this: to go to school and get a thorough education, then read and study and teach the remainder of my life. First, I want a thorough education; then I want to learn French and music and Greek; perhaps some other languages, for I think I should like to learn languages best of anything. But I must not spend so much time planning what I may never do. I think this reverie does far more harm than good: I fear I am too much addicted to it. I think it is good for one to have a motive and purpose to work for, but not to think too much about them. I always think what I am going to do for years to come. . . . . I get a good deal of time to read and study. I rise at about half-past four, and have my work done and am ready to study before six; then I have until a quarter to nine. I study about two hours mornings, and read the remainder of the time. . . . .

I shall finish the first book of Virgil in one more lesson. I am reading the history you lent to me, and "Science of Mind from Consciousness." I never spent so much time alone as I do this summer — I mean not when I was at home. I stay by myself nearly the whole time. I am trying to learn something from what I read. I enjoy it well; but sometimes at night

I come home tired, and would like to go down and see you as I used to, instead of reading. How I do want to see you!

TICONDEROGA, JULY 14, 1861.

.....I cannot see how we can feel so gay and happy when we know how wicked we are. M——, I wonder if you have such strange and awful thoughts as I do when you think of yourself, your life, your soul, and — of eternity.

TICONDEROGA, SEPT. 15, 1861.

.....I spent nearly all my leisure time the last three or four weeks of my school in dressing dolls, and so forth, as presents for my pupils. I dressed seven dolls, besides making sundry other presents, such as needle-books and the like. It took much time, but they were pleased. The week following the close of my school I went to Whitehall and Granville, and spent nearly a week. I am now attending school at the Academy. It is my intention to go to Mt. Holyoke next fall.

TICONDEROGA, NOV. 24, 1861.

.....Mrs. ——, I am so dissatisfied! There will be, for instance, something I wish much to acquire; when I have gained that, off in the dim distance something higher and more beautiful will appear which reduces all my former efforts to nothingness. And thus it is, that no sooner do I see, in imagination, my beautiful air castle towering towards the stars, than with one fall it crumbles into dust. Isn't this a strange world we live in, and a stranger life that we lead? But there is enough, and more, to make us all useful and happy; and there are some who always see good in evil, light in darkness, and for whom the shadow does not always look "over the shoulder of the sunshine." For them there is an angel pointing with flowery sceptre their footsteps onward up to the pearly gates.....

I know that Christ will atone for all our sins, if we only are trusting and prayerful. My dear friend, I am inexpressibly thankful to you for answering all my questions on this subject so kindly. You have added light where before was deep darkness; you have brought before my mind truths which I never realized, and made many things satisfactory which I could not comprehend before. I *believe*, but do not *act*. I am very sorry to tell you that my heart is not at rest, and that I am no nearer a Christian than when I last wrote to you. It is strange that I *will* delay, and stand waiting when I know the way; still, I have not given up entirely, and

I *never will.* To tell the truth, my mind of late has been so filled with my studies, and with things around me, that I fear I have left but little room for higher and nobler thoughts; yet there is much rubbish which by patient effort I know could be cleared away and leave room in my heart for more worthy thoughts. Do not, my dear friend, quite give me up: have patience with me a little longer, and I hope to prove myself worthy of your kind love. One of my greatest reasons for wishing to go to Mt. Holyoke is, that there I think the influence will be such that I shall in truth become a Christian; and my heart longs to realize that desire.

TICONDEROGA, DEC. 8, 1861.

. . . . . I cannot, or do not, do anything as I wish to do and think I will. I long to be good, and to do something good. I make grand resolutions. . . . . Things are well for a little season, when some wrong deed, some bad thought, crushes all in the dust, and the poor little bird of hope, which I had fed so long, dies of starvation. I cannot give up, and so commence again; but meet each time with the same results. I wish you would tell me what I am to do.

TICONDEROGA, JAN. 19, 1862.

You are very kind to write to me as you do. You were not too plain in what you said: I was glad to have you speak to me thus. And now I will tell you freely and confidentially, my dear friend, what I have thought upon that subject for years.

Since I was a very little girl, it has ever been my desire to become a Christian. I took pleasure in going before God in prayer; but still I was ever doubting. I could not feel that there was a new birth in my soul. My ideas, I know, were very erroneous. I thought that there must be *some experience.* I could not seek the Father as I was. I was waiting *first* to make *myself* good, and *then* try to be a Christian. I was all the time depending too much upon myself: making, or striving to make, the work of salvation, as it were, almost my own. I can hardly tell what my thoughts were; but at times I felt very much discouraged, as you well know; for at such times I have written to you. I was not satisfied; but what could I do? Wicked thoughts would rise in my mind. I would for a time cease trying to do better; and thus there was a constant burden upon my soul. But since I received your letter I am assured that there has been a change wrought in my heart. Your letter much affected me. I thought of it all the next day after receiving it. I could not study. Miss —— noticed that something

troubled me. She asked me to go down to her room with her. I went, and somehow I told her all. She talked to me, and made me see things in a more cheerful light. She gave me encouragement. I went home feeling happier, and prayed God to teach me. I felt that my prayers were answered. Since then I have been happier than ever before in my life. I feel willing to trust God in everything. It is an inexpressibly happy thought that when all earthly friends forsake us, and when sorrow is in our pathway, our heavenly Father will not turn away: his presence is never denied to the fainting heart! Oh, I do feel happy in Jesus' love! Still there are many duties yet to perform, and some which it has seemed I never could. I have not told my thoughts even to my mother, but I feel that it is my duty to do so; and, when opportunity offers, I intend to unite with the church. It has been a great struggle with me to come to this resolution, because if I do thus my friends will know my feelings; but this question would arise, Are you ashamed of Jesus? and I have decided that I will strive to put down such thoughts, and seek to follow duty. Excuse me for writing this long letter wholly of myself; but by your last letter I knew you were interested in this inner life, and that, as my very dear friend, you would wish to have me utter any thoughts that so deeply concern my present and future welfare. I love you very much, Miss ——, and it is a pleasure to think that you are willing to write to me, and to listen to any thoughts, be they sad or happy.

TICONDEROGA, FEB., 1861.

. . . . . To indulge occasionally in sober thoughts, not discouraging ones, does the heart good. You know what have been my thoughts for some time past in regard to Christian duties. You know that it has been my earnest desire to feel the assurance of a new birth in my soul. I think I can say that that wish has been realized. I had felt thoughtful upon this subject since I was quite a little girl; but there always were doubts. I had very erroneous ideas respecting it. I placed the work too much in my own hands. I thought to make myself good, then seek Christ. One day I was feeling very badly at school. I was exceedingly dissatisfied and discouraged with all my efforts to be better. I studied scarcely any. I cannot tell you how I felt. At noon Miss —— talked to me, and I think (I know she did, for she said so) that she knew what I felt badly about. It was Friday afternoon, and she asked me to go down to her room. In some way, I told her all. She said extremely good words to me, and made me to see things in a new and clearer light. I say she made me: I think God put it into her heart,

that through her agency I might be led to see the right. I went from her feeling happier than ever in my life. Oh! my friend, you feel as I have: I know you do. This world does not satisfy you. I know enough of your nature to know that you have hard and earnest battles with yourself. Do seek that Mediator, Jesus Christ. You will be far happier. I feel inexpressibly anxious that you should know the joy of a new birth in your heart.

TICONDEROGA, MARCH 2, 1862.

. . . . . My dear ——, your letter gave me great pleasure. I know that it is your wish to be a Christian; and I believe that you yet will be, if you do not weary the Father by too long delays. It is the crowning glory of salvation that it does not force sinners to wait until they are good before they can be saved, — that it takes them just as they are and makes them Christians. Will you not exercise that simple, trusting faith, which just takes God *at his own word*, and believes that, however great its sins may be, that precious Atonement is full enough and free enough to cover them all? Look away from yourself to Jesus; and, if the thought of your own sins is overpowering, remember that the ransom is no less than the life of the Son of God. You asked me whether I always thought it an easy thing to be a Christian. No, ——, I did not. I know how you feel. I was myself, a short time since, just where you are, and I was not happy. But, ——, all you have to do is to ask God to make you a Christian; and, if you ask believing, *he will hear you and answer you.* Do not wait, my dear girl, but begin now: let your young life be consecrated to his service. I ask you to do one thing: I wish you to pray. Promise me, ——, that you will *pray every day.* Do not feel discouraged if your prayer does not seem to be answered the first or second time. Sometimes God tries us, to see if we *really* are *in earnest.* Keep striving, waiting, and trusting in the Gracious One. Do not despair when sadness comes: He knows us better than we know ourselves. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It is *not an easy thing* to be such Christians as we ought, and we may not always feel the peace and joy that we expect and desire; but, if we really seek to be His, for His sake, He WILL receive us, and in his own time *give us the assurance of a new birth in our hearts. God will bless you,* if you believe in him and put your whole trust in him. Oh! do not delay another moment, but give your whole life up to him now while it is an accepted time. You will never regret doing so, never. ——, will you promise me to try to be a Christian? For there, at the foot of the cross, and only there, will you find *pardon, peace,* and *purity,* and HEAVEN. You may think that I urge

you, and say altogether too much; but, ——, I am inexpressibly anxious for you. I feel my own unworthiness when I point you to this higher life, my Christian life is so very imperfect; but then, even I experience so much more happiness and joy than ever before in my life, that it seems that I must tell you all, that you, too, may know the same joy when you feel your sins forgiven. Oh, ——, what pleasure it will give me when you tell me of that new birth in your soul! Do let this be soon: you will be inexpressibly happy. I have written almost wholly upon this subject, but I know that these thoughts are dear to us both, and therefore I will make no apologies for doing so. Think upon this subject often, please.

TICONDEROGA, MARCH 9, 1862.

. . . . . You will doubtless think it very strange that I am studying Greek; but one of the scholars was commencing it, and I wished to know what it was, and so began it with the thought that, if I liked it, sometime in the future I would try to go on with it; for I do not mean to stop studying after I leave Mt. Holyoke, but my plan is to study languages. Is it so very foolish, then, for me to study Greek this term? My mind is almost wholly occupied with my studies.

TICONDEROGA, APRIL, 1862.

. . . . . According to close calculations, I may get through school in ten years! but through studying, I hope, never.

TICONDEROGA, JUNE 18, 1862.

. . . . . I take a great deal of pleasure in prayer; what did I ever do without it! . . . . .

I hope that I may sometime be a true-hearted, earnest Christian; but as yet I am far from that. I wish that every one could see God's goodness and know his love. I feel free to talk with but very few upon this subject. Why is it, do you think? I have talked with —— —— very much, and have written to her often of it. I think that she is very much where I was a while ago; she cannot give up and trust God wholly. I think, though, that in a little while the assurance of a new birth must come to her. I feel inexpressibly anxious for my schoolmates, but I cannot talk with them; I am afraid to. This is not because I am ashamed of the step that I have taken; oh, no: hardly any one knows of it, not even my brothers and sisters; but somehow I feel that they *must not*, and yet I wish they did. Tell me, is not this feeling wrong? Did you ever feel thus? . . . . . I have not

been as well as usual all the spring. There is but very little time that I feel perfectly well. But nothing ails me. I shall get well soon, I know. I read Cicero's four orations against Catiline and *De Senectute et de Amicitia* last term. I like them exceedingly. I wish to read more Latin, but presume I shall have to review the study at Mt. Holyoke. I went through with seven books of Geometry. By the time I get through Euclid I am afraid that I shall not like it as well as now. Sometimes I like it well, but from the beginning I felt that I never could do anything in it; and you know that it is pleasant to work with the opposite feeling.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, SEPT. 25, 1862.

..... I am at Mt. Holyoke. I did not fully decide to come until less than two weeks before I left home..... I was not well, and my friends feared that I would not be able to endure as much as I would be obliged to, if I went. Still I was willing to undertake the studies. I have been here a week night before last. I had a very pleasant journey, indeed; I seemed to find friends all the way. I arrived here just before supper; and, when I went down and saw so many strange faces, the big tears *would come.* I have had some rather dark days, I assure you. The examinations were very rigid, — more so than I expected. They were mostly written ones. I had nearly forty examples to perform in Arithmetic, and some of our examination papers contained seventy-eight questions. They were given to us, and we were to write the answers on paper, and then these were looked over, and in a day or two the names of those who passed a satisfactory examination were read, and those who did not went in again. I felt exceedingly sorry for some who failed in nearly every examination, but I do not think any will be sent away if they can pass examination within the first three weeks. I am through all the examinations, and, of course, feel very much relieved. I have no lessons assigned to me, except a rapid review of Algebra; but, when the teachers are through their hurry somewhat, we shall be attended to; but they do not like to allow more than two studies at once, and we take *very* long lessons.

We have only five or six hours a day to study, and have no recitations Saturday or Wednesday; but there is something to do for every minute, as one might say. There are many exercises to attend to; and, not the least of all, I prize the devotional exercises..... We have devotions morning and evening, and Miss —— talks to us excellently. We each take a half-hour morning and evening, by ourselves, for devotions. I like that; for, even did we wish of ourselves to set apart these seasons, some-

times other duties would crowd upon us and we should neglect them; but they come in now with the rules. Then there are section meetings, fifteen minutes in the evening, where about twenty or thirty meet with their section teacher, and have prayer, and the section teacher talks with us. She cares for and watches over us in a particular manner, aside from the other teachers. I like the school well; but I do inexpressibly long for some one to whom to go and feel that I have a personal friend! I want some one to love who loves me.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, SEPT. 28, 1862.

. . . . . Yesterday morning the names of those who hoped they were Christians were taken, in order to be arranged for meetings. Can you believe it? I did not give my name. What restrained me? I had had so many doubts of late, I feared to deceive myself; and yet, I *have* hope. I have felt badly because I did not give my name; and yet, perhaps, good will arise from my withholding it, for I hope soon to be a Christian in earnest, and to remove by faith and prayer these doubts and fears . . . . . I feel that I shall not remain in the dark much longer. Already the light begins to break out a little. What do you think has occasioned these fears? Tell me candidly, I beseech you.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, OCT. 3, 1862.

. . . . . The teachers surely are persons of great refinement, and perfect ladies; they are not *prim*, as I had supposed they might be. *I was mistaken* (you know you told me I would find that I was). I think that I will tell you something of the system, but not much of the special rules, for they would more than fill one sheet. Still there are none too many rules to secure the quiet of the house. We are not allowed to delay or speak aloud in the halls, or to enter rooms except at stated intervals. We cannot rise earlier than a quarter before five, or retire later than ten. Particular attention is paid to our health, and we must report the exposure of health as we would the violation of any other rule. From nine in the morning until half-past twelve; from a quarter of three until four fifteen, are silent study hours. You must do nothing in those hours except study, and cannot speak, write, or leave your room, if you obey the rule. I like that regulation very much, because it enables us to study without interruption. From half-past seven until eight (then recess meeting of fifteen minutes); from eight fifteen until a quarter of ten, are silent study hours. But if you have your lessons, or do not wish to study, you can spend your time as you wish, except

that you must not speak, or make any disturbance, to keep your room-mate from study.

Mr. ——, the religious influence here is certainly such that one *cannot* resist it. I do hope that I prize the religious privileges; and yet, since I have been here, I have had so many doubts and fears that I hardly dared believe that I was a Christian. But, while I was sick, I thought of my condition much, and I gave myself anew to Christ. I feel happier to-night than I have for many days of the time that I have been here..... We each have a half-hour morning and evening, that we spend all alone with our Bible and our God.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, OCT. 18, 1862.

..... God does not seem a Being so far from us as he used to me. It seems an easier, a more simple thing to be a Christian. All we have to do is to give ourselves wholly to God, and not only once, but repeatedly: continually consecrate ourselves anew to his service. We often think that, before we do this, there must be some experience; that we must feel that we are altogether different persons ..... That fancied experience is *man's* salvation — a salvation in which the blessed Saviour has no part. Let us not wait for an experience, but give ourselves at once to God, and the work is done. Gradually our heart is changed, not suddenly.....

There is one habit that I am intending to try to adopt from this day, and I wish to write of it to you to-night, that we may both begin it together. It is this: whatever troubles us (be it ever so trivial a thing in the sight of the world), — whatever we are in doubt about, and, in fact, all, so far as may be, that we are interested in, — let us not think of it alone, but take it all to God, and ask his advice and blessing upon us. Let us feel more free with him than with our dearest earthly friend, and let our trust be implicit.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, NOV. 15, 1862.

.....I think that the trouble with me when I wrote to you was that I was not earnest enough. I did not trust God in everything. I did not take enough time for prayer and for communion with my own heart. I looked too much at my own sinful nature. When the thought of my sins was overpowering, I did not remember that the ransom for them was no less than the life of the Son of God. A multitude of reasons was the cause of my state of feeling at that time. Though my heart is not so full of doubts and fears as then, I am by no means the Christian that I hope to be. I wish each day to make some attainment in the divine life. I think I mentioned the

devotional exercises that we have here. I enjoy them very much. I am almost inexpressibly thankful every day that I am here. If I am not a nobler and better girl for being here, it will be *wholly* my own fault: the influences of every kind are certainly very excellent. There are stated times every day set apart for prayer. I feel very much more than ever our utter dependence upon God.....

There does not seem to be any time in which I have *nothing to do*, and I have but little time for writing; therefore you must excuse me if I write hurried letters.....

I have spent one series (six weeks) on Grecian History and Ancient Geography. I presume that it will take all the next series for Ancient History. I have been in the Virgil class three recitations. There are seniors in the class, and I was quite afraid to recite with them; but I am accustomed to it now, and do not have much trouble. We take only about thirty lines a day. We are to commence Latin prose on Monday. My teacher told me, when I was excused from Virgil, that I was through my Latin for the course. The knowledge of Latin helps a student a great deal here. I am in the Junior Middle Class, I presume, on account of the Latin that you taught me; for those who are more advanced in other studies are placed in the Junior Class if they happen not to have read much Latin. You would not think that I had much to do, would you? but I have all I wish, for we need to read in connection with History, and we scan in Virgil. I feel often more hurried than when at home, for there is much besides formal lessons to take our attention. We have sections, hall exercises, gymnastics, walking, compositions, etc. etc., — all of which *must* have their time. But I am contented and quite happy.....

Does not the prospect for our country seem very dark to you? It would seem that we can hardly trust any longer in man: we must look to God. We have prayer-meetings every week in which prayers are offered especially for our country.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, DEC. 6, 1862.

..... You cannot tell what joy it gives me to know that you have found that peace which passeth all understanding. Oh! my dear ——, you will never, *never* repent of the resolution you have taken. Live near to Jesus; be much in prayer, and have perfect faith. I do, indeed, wish that you could be surrounded by these religious and intellectual influences; but remember that "He doeth all things for the best." Perhaps there is something that we do not see, that makes it best for you to be where you are. Do not, my

dear friend, depend too much upon what I may say to you. I feel very unworthy, and very incompetent to influence any one; but, if any word of mine has been blessed of God in turning your soul to Jesus, it will be a very, *very* great blessing and comfort to me. I regret that in the time that we were together I did not talk with you more upon these subjects. It would have done both our hearts good. I would exceedingly love to see you to-night, and to pray with you. It seems to me that it would be a blessed privilege; but, dear ——, I shall remember you in my prayers; and, if we both pray in earnest, I trust that our petitions will be answered. You have accepted Christ as your Saviour, and no longer trust in your own strength: you have overcome perhaps the greatest difficulty. One step taken in the Christian life, and the way is far easier. May you, my own friend, daily grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus! "Events reveal God's decrees, and time unrolls his purposes." Your life-work will be given to you in his own good time. Wait on Jesus.....

I wish that you could have been with me to-night. We had an extremely good prayer-meeting. One of my favorite teachers presides over the meeting; and, after it was over, I stopped and talked with her a little while. I told her of your letter; she seemed pleased with it, and spoke of how much hope there was, and encouragement to pray. She read to us to-night something of the belief of the church, and has loaned to me the book to read. I mean to think of the matter seriously, and pray much about it; and, when opportunity offers (I think that some time in January they give opportunity for those who wish to be connected with the church), if my belief is strong, — if it seems right to me, — I hope to unite with the church. Pray for me.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, DEC., 1862.

..... You have not dared to cherish the hope that you are a Christian; but let me ask you some questions. If all the world and all your friends were on one side, and Christ on the other, which would you choose? You love God; you desire to be his child; you wish to please him; you would be happy to feel yourself to be a true and earnest Christian. You accept Jesus as *your* Saviour; you feel that he died to save *you*. Is not that precious Atonement enough to cover all your sins? I do not say that these are tests of a Christian character; but I believe them to be among the tests..... We cannot become Christians solely by keeping God's commands: we may keep all his ordinances so faithfully that the world might say that we did nothing wrong, and then we could not be saved. Justification is not of

ourselves at all: it is all of Jesus; it is only by believing on him, and that he died for us, that he will make intercession with the Father for us, and that he is able and willing to save us. . . . . Perhaps you may say, If this is so, what then is the use of keeping God's commands? If you love a friend, how do you show you love to him? Do you not desire to please him in everything? Now, God wishes you to keep his ordinances. You wish to prove your love and gratitude to him, and you must do just as nearly as you can as he wishes you to do. Your heart can never be free from all its sin in this world; so do not be discouraged if you commit the same sin again and again; that is, if you do not sin wilfully. I am considering the matter in the light of the supposition that you desire supremely to serve God, and will try to do right. Perhaps God will try your faith in letting you see your faults and sins. Just trust in him, and all will be right. You will find the whole Christian life a continual struggle; yet you will be inexpressibly happy. You must not expect to obtain grace for next week or next year; what you want is grace for to-day. Ask God to give you strength for to-day. When you go to rest at night, ask him to keep you. Put your hand in his, and be willing to be led by him. With the first consciousness in the morning, ask him to guide you through the day. Keep close to the Saviour's side, and you will have peace, happiness, and heaven.

Do you not see now that to be a Christian is not at all of yourself alone? You need not wait to overcome one fault, but may come just as you are, and tell all your wants, all your sins, all your troubles to Jesus, just as you would to an earthly friend, only a great deal more freely, because he is your best friend. All you have to do is simply to believe and trust in Jesus. If you feel that your heart is growing cold, tell Jesus so; tell him everything, and give yourself anew to him every day. Keep trusting and praying. Study your Bible. If you do not love it, tell him so; ask him to help you. Cling to his promises.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, APRIL 3, 1863.

I am striving now to correct two of my faults, — impatience and haste.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, MAY, 1863.

. . . . . We do not need grace for next week or next year, but we need it just for to-day. When we go to our rest at night, we need to commit ourselves to God, and to ask him to watch over us then, and to be willing, if it is his will, to be taken to Christ that night; and, when we wake in the morning, we need to commit ourselves to God, and ask him to guide us

through all the day. Whenever anything arises concerning which we are in doubt, we need to ask Jesus to direct us; we need to look to him hourly

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, MAY 18, 1863.

. . . . . But, Mr. ——, there is something I wish to ask you a question concerning, though I am nearly afraid to do so. . . . . What is your opinion in regard to uniting with the church? It would seem that God wishes to have us confess before the world that we are his children; and then, too, it appears to be undeniable that when we have taken those holy vows upon ourselves, a greater responsibility than before rests upon us, and that such responsibility makes us more watchful. And, besides, do we not feel more strength when we have thus promised God before the world the dedication of our lives to him, than when we have only promised secretly? And, still further (though perhaps this should be a small consideration), the world will not expect us to do many things, when it knows that we profess Christ, which otherwise it would expect, and which we would often find it difficult not to yield to its wishes. But the most important reason is that it would seem that God commands us to confess him before men. I was so indescribably happy when I united with the church that I wished you to think about taking this step, and to write to me just what your feelings are in regard to it. You will not think it strange that I asked this question, will you? I have wished to ask you before, but for some reason did not dare to. Please pardon me if I ought not to have spoken thus freely. I feel happier and stronger, and I could not help wishing you to feel so.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, JUNE 29, 1863.

. . . . . Is not the news from the war dreadful now? Some of the young ladies here are feeling inexpressible anxiety. Many, many of them have near and dear friends at the front. One of the girls, who has no father living, and whose mother died a few weeks since, has recently heard that her brother in the army is dead. Poor child! I do not see how she bears it. Christ must certainly give her strength. She seems a very earnest Christian. A number of the girls are fearing that they cannot get home: their homes are in Pennsylvania, near where the rebels are stationed.

TICONDEROGA, JULY 31, 1863.

. . . . . Would that I could settle all those doubts! The Christian evidences are clear to myself. Once, however, those questions that trouble you would arise in my own mind; but they do not now. Dear ——, you

have been in my thoughts much since I received your letter. I have wept tears of true sorrow many times when studying your photograph. I cannot bear to see your soul in darkness without trying to do something for you. I can do almost nothing. I am very weak and ignorant myself. But I thank God that I can pray for you.

——, do you not trust too much in your own reason? You think that you cannot believe what you do not clearly understand. Now, in the natural world, we are daily compelled to acknowledge and believe what we do not at all understand. To use a very simple illustration: We believe that our arm is moved by means of the muscles, and that the will controls the muscles; but, why the simple act of the will should cause a muscle to contract any more than wire, we *do not* understand. We can advance a certain distance in the knowledge of this part of ourselves, but no farther. The wisest man in the world, with all his reasoning faculties, cannot see *how* it is; but the least wise may know that *it is so*. Now, why disbelieve the truths of religion because there are some things that we cannot understand?

Reason, unaided by revelation, has left men to grope in the dark, and fall into idolatry. What is the state of those countries where the Bible is not known?

It is not contrary to reason that there should be mysteries and incomprehensible things in revelation. Reason would lead us to expect such things in a revelation from God. Everything which relates to him must be, in some respects, incomprehensible.

Now, is it not more *reasonable* to believe what God says than to confide in our own feeble conceptions? and is it right to reject revelation as *unreasonable* because it does not accord with *human judgment*?

The Bible contains internal evidences that its origin is divine. The Bible has withstood the test of time. The miracles, and the fulfilment of prophecy, prove that Christ is the Son of God.

If some book were put into your hands to read which every one loved, would you condemn it until you had carefully read and studied every word of it? Now, have you thus studied your Bible? Have you not often allowed doubts to arise, and thought of them rather than of the truths contained in the Scriptures? ——, *at the very bottom of your heart, do you believe all that you say?* Does not Jesus sometimes seem very precious to you? Is there not sometimes with you an influence from something unseen, an indescribable happiness, when you think of God and read your Bible? ——, darling, the more I read your letter, the more clearly I saw an underside.

Your present state of mind, I am convinced, *does not satisfy* you. You wish something far beyond your own reason, your own strength, as a support. You want an ever-present Friend and Comforter. Every day of your life you need assured promises to lean upon; some measuring-line by which to fashion your conduct. The Bible is full of such promises. Jesus is that Friend and Comforter. He is the mediator between God and man. He intercedes for us. He died to save us. Think of the love which caused him to suffer death for sinful man! Is not his precious atonement enough to cover every sin?

——, you say that you never yet made a prayer: how, then, can you test the efficacy of prayer? Oh! ——, how can you live, how can you bear sorrow, trusting only in your own strength? I feel very deeply for you. I am almost incalculably happier than I ever was before, although I am yet a very imperfect Christian. I wish you to know and feel the presence of Jesus. ——, *will you not promise me that you will try to become a Christian?* that you will pray? And do not be discouraged if your prayers do not seem to be answered the first or the second time; keep praying. The answer will surely be given; for it is promised. Do come to Jesus now: ask God, for Jesus' sake, to help you, and he surely will. You cannot be a Christian without praying for a new heart. I feel inexpressibly anxious for you. Please tell me freely just what your thoughts and feelings are upon this subject. I greatly desire you to do so. Perhaps I have written to you too much. I have not said all I wished to say; but I will wait until I read your answer before saying more. I shall be indescribably happy to learn that you are trying to be a Christian. I have far more hope than ever before that you will become one, although your last letter was so full of doubts; because now you are not satisfied; whereas, a few years ago, you gloried in your peculiar state of mind. Duty is not easy where you are with no Christian influences; but God helps his children according to their need, and will you, if you only ask him. I will pray for you. Do promise me that you will pray for yourself, and for me also.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, OCT. 7, 1863.

..... These desponding feelings often hover around our hearts: all things at times appear so dark to us, that we feel that we are not God's children, and that we never were. But let me ask you to remember that God will not long suffer his true children thus to mourn and to grieve for sin, as if its burden lay upon them alone. He will comfort us, if we only ask his aid. All things that seem dark to us, do not seem so to him. He

sees the light. When I first read your letter my heart was unspeakably sad, I have so few Christian friends, and I had so confidently looked upon you as now one that I could always depend upon. But, as I have thought more of the matter, I feel that I have reason to be thankful. You did begin a new life, or you would never have written to me as you did last year. And the cause, I think, of your present feelings can be easily traced. Your cares have been increased lately; more things have occupied your mind than usually do; and I think that, perhaps, you suffered them to cause you to neglect your duty to God. Whenever we cease to pray, and to give some time each day to God and spiritual things, we certainly grow weaker in faith, and become more estranged from God. We cannot make any considerable advancement in the spiritual life except by a great deal of prayer and help from God. It is your own conscience that troubles you. This neglect of duty presses upon you, and you feel *almost* ready to give up all hope. But, let me tell you that there is a great deal more hope for you than if you thought everything right in yourself. It is one of the very best proofs that you are making advancement, if you now see more clearly your own sinful heart. But do not be discouraged, for I know that your desire is to become in truth a Christian; and I feel sure that you have begun to be one at present, and that you will become a noble and active Christian if you will now, with all your heart, seek to be such.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, Nov. 5, 1863.

. . . . . It is thoughtfulness and prayer that will form the true Christian character. It was a noble ideal that you brought before my mind. I love to dwell upon it. But do you really believe that any one can make that advancement in the Christian life which your ideal represented? Did you ever know as true a Christian as you describe?

How the heart does yearn after perfection, and that, too, in some human form! But our ideal standards gradually disclose to us their imperfections. Our hero-worship dies out, and then we are led to imitate and to adore the only All-Perfect. And what ideal can be presented to us as noble as the character of Jesus? In his life was the model of every virtue. Then why is it that we do not seek more earnestly to follow his example? . . . . .

I wish that we had more studies in our course; I wish that we had more mathematics, more metaphysics. I know it is generally thought that ladies have not the ability that gentlemen have to acquire a knowledge of some studies; but I believe that the difficulty is more in their want of trial than in their lack of ability.

I like the way we study Bible lessons here. Though we have but one recitation a week (on Monday morning), every part is made so interesting that we cannot help but see new beauties in the whole. I think that we can never feel intelligently enough our need of the guidance of Holy Writ. When we are sad and weary, we need its promises of rest and comfort in a better land. Every day of our life we need some promise to lean upon; some measuring-line by which to fashion our conduct. I think it a great cause for alarm when we do not enjoy the reading of the Bible: the heart is surely wrong.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, Nov., 1863.

.....I will not endeavor to express to you the joy that some parts of your letter gave me. I felt very greatly encouraged by them. I at first wrote to you tremblingly upon the subject of religion, but now I may write freely. You sincerely wish to become a Christian. Now, let me ask you to remember that there is nothing to hinder you from becoming such. When you look at your own sinful heart you feel discouraged indeed; but do not seek to make yourself better. You might strive with your whole heart all your life, and you could not obtain salvation at last, unless you had asked it of God. Look away from yourself to Jesus Christ. ..... He died to save *your* soul..... It is by thoughtfulness, purity, and prayer that the true Christian character is formed. Be much in prayer; seek to live near to Jesus, at the foot of the cross..... Begin the new life at once. Do not delay until a more convenient season. Come just as you are, and give yourself to God, and he will cleanse your heart, and wash out every guilty stain in his own precious blood. He will give to you the shining robes his servants wear. Come at once. Do not seek to be any better first; for you need God's help to make you better..... Think of your influence as an elder sister. Your coming to Christ may be the means of bringing your brothers and sisters to the throne of grace. Thus the effect of this one step will not end here, but will extend to eternity; for each one upon whom you exert influence transmits that influence to another, and so on. Dear friend, will you not seek, by the help of God, to become a Christian NOW? You yourself will be indescribably happier; your influence upon others will be incalculably better. I do trust that you will very soon be numbered among the followers of Christ. Study your Bible, and in *everything* ask God's blessing and assistance.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, DEC. 11, 1863.

.....I am glad that you wrote so much concerning the growth in the Christian life. Do you believe that without this growth there can be any real

evidence of a new birth in the soul? Is not the growth of the soul an unconscious one? Does any one see themselves daily making some advancement in divine life? I do not think that I am beyond the second step you mentioned — a conception of God's presence. I cannot have reached the third, for I have not *always* that firm trust which such a Christian as you describe must possess. To be sure, at times God seems so near, Christ so precious to my soul, that my heart overflows with happiness: then, at others, I lose faith and confidence, or at least it seems that I do, for I strive alone, and almost forget to ask God's assistance. Why is this fluctuation of feeling? It troubles me that I am so half-hearted. I wish to be a whole-souled, earnest Christian; but I do see my own faults more and more every day. I feel that I especially need more faith and patience to wait God's time. Oh, these many faults do so trouble me! . . . . . I believe that the shadows which so often fall upon the Christian course are mostly occasioned by some neglect of duty; for instance, if we allow anything to take from us the time set apart for secret devotion, everything seems to go wrong with us that day. . . . . Do you believe that these conscience-troubling, sad hours can by any means be avoided? Why should the Christian be sorrowful, when God is always ready to give comfort? I wish to be a happy Christian.

You were right in thinking that, when I prayed for my friends, I did not often enough remember the command to watch as well as to pray. . . . . .

The religious privileges here are certainly very excellent. It is among our rules that we take a half-hour morning and evening to be alone: the manner of spending this time is left with us. We also have what we call recess meetings for fifteen minutes in the evening. We are not *required* to attend; but, coming as the season does in silent study hours, it seems very pleasant to forget all our cares, and together ask God's blessing and forgiveness. Only a few of us meet together at this time, — each section and their teacher.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, DEC. 14, 1863.

. . . . . Dear ——, I am glad that you are thoughtful; glad that you look beyond the mere outside of life. I hope and trust, too, that your heart often yearns for a Saviour's love. It pains me to hear you say that you cannot yet ask aid from a higher Power. Why can you not? Have you not tried your own strength long enough, and learned your weakness, too? God will not turn a deaf ear to your prayers. He will help you, and make everything assume a new and beautiful aspect. He will give you grace and

strength for every trial; and oh, the blessedness, the fulness of his love! Do you not wish to feel that in everything you have his assistance? Even the least of all your cares is not unknown to him. The way may seem hard at first; but tell Christ all. Tell him your weakness; tell him your need; tell him everything that troubles you. . . . . If you will but do this, soon your soul will find rest, your heart happiness. Perhaps you will look at your own sinful heart, and almost fear to lay it all before him. But, when the thought of your own sins is so overpowering, look away from yourself to Jesus: his love is full enough and free enough to cover every sin. . . . . I do feel inexpressibly anxious for you. You can never be happy until you give yourself entirely to God. The whole world cannot bring you happiness; but let Jesus dwell in your heart, and your whole life will be happy, and your eternity blissful. Will you not promise me to try to be a Christian? You are trying now to be good morally, but try to be so spiritually.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, DEC. 31, 1863.

. . . . . My thoughts love to wander back to the Ticonderoga Academy, and to your room that I frequented so often. Those were happy days. But I did not appreciate the fact then. Not that I would have you think that I am not happy now, — for I have a great deal to make me happy, and I trust that I am in a measure so, — but in some way life seems greatly different to me from what it then did. It seems more real. I feel more the need of exerting every effort, more the importance of continually working, more the necessity for doing so. I find in myself more — a hundred times as many! — faults to overcome; more dissatisfaction at the result of even my best efforts; a truer realization of the blessings I am receiving, and of my own unworthiness and ungratefulness. I do not know why it is, but things present an inexpressibly different aspect. I cannot describe the change to you; but perhaps my random thoughts have given to you an idea of my meaning, and you can understand how and why it all is; but I cannot. Oh that I might see before me a pathway in the Christian life in which I might hold those high communings of which the Scriptures speak, of sacred, far-off thought, of heaven, and of God; that my life might radiate usefulness; that I might have a glorious harvest-day, long, ripe, rejoicing, but humble; and at the earthly close might know that the celestial gates would be opened, and my soul welcomed home to God! But why long to know more of God's decrees? Does he not reveal enough to us? — all that mortal capacity can receive; all that it is best that we should know? He assures us of rest and happiness in heaven, if we will but accept his plan and offer of

salvation. Is this not enough? and ought I not to be willing to submit all to God, and to strive to use even one talent?

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, JAN. 13, 1864.

Mr. ——, I am inexpressibly thankful to have obtained the ideas you gave me concerning a sense of God's presence! I thought that I had realized something of it before, but I believe now that I possessed only the shadow of a thought. Of course, I had never reasoned upon it to the same extent that you did. I have not yet read or studied the books which would lead me to reason thus from scientific knowledge. I hunger for something that shall teach me more of these truths. The clouds of my mind are folding back: a new light seems breaking forth, dim as yet; but I do trust that the day will sometime come when I, too, shall see God in everything.

The reasoning you gave me is clear; I do not think any doubts of its truth can arise, or that it can at any point be forced into error. I have delighted since reading it to think of God in all these things which we call common. The soul seems brought into a more direct intercourse and presence with God by contemplating these truths. These soul-teachings strengthen us. They fill the world, already beautiful, with new and wonderful works; they force us to look with an indescribable reverence upon its beauties. All these gifts come to us, like angel teachers, to refine and elevate the earth-bound soul, and to bring it nearer heaven.

If God's ideas are expressed in his works, then we can never feel alone, can we? for when we wander away by ourselves, as we often love to do in summer, so many ideas of God are brought before us, so many instances of his work progressing, and then so many new thoughts must arise in our own minds, that we could desire no other company — I mean from a sense of loneliness. It is, of course, very pleasant to have others present to witness these truths with us — to impart to us their ideas, etc.; but, it seems to me that there are so many new thoughts presented by this view of nature that we could scarcely find time to speak much: we are, as it were, transported by it into another and higher sphere. And are we not really so? for, in the presence of so many of God's thoughts, how could we be just our own former selves? Is it not a pleasant thought that God has provided for the growth of even the smallest bud? that he has a watchful care over all such helpless things? And when this thought touches us, we wonder that he can care for such sinful mortals as we. In the light of the truth that, 'since *only* matter and mind exist in the universe, and since matter is *inert*, all *force*, from that which builds a leaf to that which upholds a sun, must be *spiritual* in its

origin, is there not a broad field for study wherever we are and in whatever circumstances we are placed?

O! my friend, do tell me more of these things; give me more of such reasonings. I have thought often of those in your last letter. I have loved to follow out these new trains of reflection, for I feel that many of the ideas you expressed were new to me. I do not want to stop now; indeed, I cannot: but I want more material. . . . .

I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for imparting those ideas of God; the world has a new interest to me, for I realize more the greatness of God's love, works, power, and immediate presence. . . . . .

One needs to be, and must be very busy here, and yet there is time for everything if we rightly improve it. Life seems stranger the more we know of it, doesn't it? At times we must give our whole heart to its incidents; again, we must divest ourselves of every thought of this lower sphere, and gladly, sometimes, would we do this, there is so much in it to divert our attention unprofitably. But it is all right. The filmiest thread of life's web is given by Him, and held in His hand; every dark, every light shade we would fill out ever looking unto Him, guided by His eye, till we shall complete the design. . . . . .

I wish you a pleasant, happy, and profitable vacation. Be assured I shall give what encouragement I can to my friends at home in regard to coming here. I love the school, and prize its privileges and influences so much, that I wish as many as can to receive its benefits. . . . . .

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, FEB. 14, 1864.

. . . . . I feel that one of the first things you must do is to give up the idea of understanding *all*. . . . . Because you do not understand all the process of nutrition, why food must be taken to nourish the body, why the system is not supported in some other way, you would not think you must not taste food until you did understand it all. You do not understand all the phenomena of light, but you do not for that reason shut your eyes, resolving that, until you do, you will not open them. No; in these things you do not expect to understand *all*. Then why need you in heavenly things, — in religious questions?

Practically it is not transcendently difficult to be a Christian and to understand all needful things; but theologically it is very difficult. . . . .

Enough is revealed to enable us to become true Christians; the trouble is not that we cannot understand all things, but it is that we will not un-

derstand and embrace what we may; we will not yield ourselves wholly to conscience and reason, trusting God to teach us.

A severe struggle and a conquest are necessary in all hearts, more difficult in some than in others, before they can give themselves into God's hands. It is easy and it is not easy to begin the Christian life. When once we have resolved, then the work commences. It is easy to trust all things to God, after we have begun to trust; but, until we have firmly and prayerfully made the resolve to do so, it is of all things most difficult.

One thing we cannot do: we cannot unmake the past. It is sealed up in the record of God's memory; we cannot obliterate it, but we can be forgiven for our past sins, and they will not hinder us from coming *now*. And then there is a work which no one can do for us; something is left for us to do; God will help us, but he does not do all; the work for us is to make the resolve, and promise to be utterly and forever his. Satan will tempt us, and bring up doubts of God, and allurements to the world; but, by the grace of God, we *can* overcome. The Holy Spirit must be in our hearts, influencing us; and oh! do not let us seek to drive away that Spirit. Our pride must be humbled; we must go down in the dust, as it were; we must feel our incapacity to make ourselves good, and that we cannot save ourselves. But we must be willing to be saved. In the golden chain that binds our hearts to God, one link must be put in by ourselves. The light which proceeds from Christ will disperse all darkness. Jesus is our atonement on earth, and our advocate and mediator in heaven. It is not necessary that there should be an experience: let Jesus be received as the all in all, and that is enough.

I read somewhere this explanation: "The Father is like the thought unexpressed, the Son is like the thought expressed in words, and the Spirit is like the word working in other minds.". . . .

I believe, nay I know, that we *can* have faith without understanding *all* things in the Scriptures. *Why, if we could understand all the Bible, and all of God's mysteries, the Bible and God would be but human!* We must give up that expectation. But, on the other hand, we need not be discouraged; all needful things are revealed clearly to us; in everything, almost, we can see God. He has prepared all the way to a new life beforehand for us. We have to seek the way, but he has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out": "Whosoever will, let him come." The offers of salvation are free. They are made to all. When we realize all God's goodness to us, even in the things we call common

and trifling (if anything in a world like ours can be considered as trifling), how can we doubt his power or willingness to save? . . . . .

It is, indeed, a narrow gate that we must enter; some would try to make it wider; some would bid you wait until the gate is broad enough for you; but oh, do not! you must press your way in. I feel that now your hand is almost on the latch. 'Shall I open?' you ask; 'Shall I enter?' You stand tremblingly, almost persuaded. Oh, decide! others will crowd you backwards if you do not. Once within, the way will no longer be hedged up as now. You are almost persuaded to be a Christian. Satan and his hosts are surrounding you, pulling you backward, discouraging you. But press in. Lift the latch. The gate will open. There is room for you. Never fear. The longer you stay without, the harder will be the conquest over yourself. There may not be many more opportunities. I feel that you are very near. Do get inside *now!*

Dear ——, if you can do no other way, go to your own room; shut yourself in; resolve that you will not come out until you are a Christian. Be in earnest. Lift up your heart to God, feeling the prayer: "Jesus, help! oh, save! God teach me!" Tell him all. He has never refused to hear such a prayer. He *never will.* Though you cannot see him, he is with you. He will be there. A feeling in your own heart tells you so. Resolve that though the struggle may be severe, you will overcome. Do not give up. You desire to be a Christian. Tell God so. Tell him your weakness, your doubts, your need. If you have never prayed, you may do so now: God is with you; acknowledge his presence. You must agonize with God for your soul. You feel your peril. Death is before you. Prepare to meet it.

There is no half-way position for the will. You must live for God or for the world. Oh! choose *now* whom you will serve. The step will never be easier. You must at some time choose: act at once; wait not another day; you would be saved hereafter, why not *now?* God has said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest": "Ask and ye *shall* receive, seek and ye *shall* find, knock and it *shall* be opened unto you." Can you not rely on his precious promises? Will you not come and take "of the waters of life freely?" Oh, can you longer reject such love as his? such love as would cause him to give up his only Son, who was equal with him, to suffer and die on the cross for us? Can you resist the voice calling you to come now, and to cast all your burden upon Jesus? He has said, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Will you not assume that burden, — that yoke? Oh! ——, the Spirit of God may not again strive with you, as it is striving now. If you

reject *now*, it may be *forever*. Choose *now!* I do feel indescribably anxious for you. I cannot but feel so. I know that I felt as you do but a year or two since.....

If you have not the faith you wish, you will never possess it unless you ask it of God. You feel weak and ignorant of the way, but just ask Jesus to teach you. Ask him for faith, ask him to lead you now in the right way, ask him to dispel those fearful doubts. Dear ——, the answer will come. I shall pray for you..... It is not an impossibility for you to pray. You cannot, you think, now believe; but has God not heard the prayers of those who had gone on in sin for long years, and who had injured the cause of Christ? Does he not promise to hear all, to receive all? Then surely you may come. Let your cry be, "God be merciful to me." If you really desire to be a Christian, you will pray. You cannot become one unless you do. Once resolve to yield that proud spirit, to subdue that strong will; humble yourself, ——, I beg of you; for the sake of your own soul, try the only way of salvation. If you do this, and are not sure now of some of the truths of the Saviour, you will be soon; God will teach you, as no other one can.....

I thank you for the promise that you made to me, but I do most earnestly desire one more to be added to it,—that you will pray. If the way is all dark, pray until it is light; cast all your burden of sin before God. May I not hope that, when you have read these questions that we have considered, you will lay aside the letter, and go away by yourself and pray until light appears in your mind, and that you will then choose your path? ——, God has asked for your heart; can you refuse that in return for his uncounted blessings? O, darling, pray until you do believe. *It is the only way you can ever be saved.*.....

I have written very rapidly; I was obliged to do so..... If I have said too much, or what I ought not, please forgive me. I know that I have spoken plainly, and this because I was exceedingly anxious for you. Do write to me very soon. Now is certainly a great crisis with you. I cannot help feeling that as you choose now, it will be with you forever.

LUDLOW, MASS., MARCH 30, 1864.

..... Death does not seem to me as it did a little while ago. I have often doubted whether I was a Christian, because I was afraid to die. I have not those fears now; and when I hear of the death of friends, I am comforted by the thought that I shall soon meet them again.

LUDLOW, MASS., MARCH 30, 1864.

. . . . . At the beginning of the year, I think that there were about a hundred in the Seminary who had no hope that they were Christians. Teachers and many of the pupils were praying earnestly that the Holy Spirit might be sent among us. There seemed, however, to be but little interest until about the middle of the winter; then we were sure that many souls were anxiously striving and struggling to choose at once whom they would serve. At that time Dr. Kirk of Boston came to us. He spent two days in conversing personally with those who desired to meet him, and in preaching. I cannot describe to you the sweet solemnity and quietness of those days. School duties were not suspended altogether; but there were several prayer-meetings during the day, and in the halls and public rooms there was a significant hush of voices; but the earnest countenances betrayed what thoughts were in the soul. I think that I never heard such prayers as then. The whole work seemed quiet, and hopeful, and true. If we met a young lady for only a moment, our communion was of the souls around us. There were about thirty conversions in one week. Some who had been at the Seminary three years, and had resisted all influences of the Spirit, and whose friends had almost given them up to the service of the world, now are among our most earnest Christians. Some of these are among my dearest friends, and it is an unutterable pleasure to me to hear them tell of the love of Jesus and of God's mercy to them. From a family of about three hundred and seventy, there are but about twenty who have no hope in Jesus, and only eleven who have not expressed a desire to become Christians. I cannot but think that they feel far more than they are willing to express.

MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY, JUNE 11, 1864.

. . . . . I regard these required half-hours morning and evening far more highly than the influence of anything else connected with Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and this not alone for the effect they will have upon our characters while here, but because I believe that the habit of being alone for religious purposes some portion of each day will be so formed when we go from here that nothing can induce us (I mean those of us who enjoy the half-hours now) to neglect them hereafter. I believe that they do influence the apparently thoughtless ones also; for, the other day, I was conversing with a dear friend of mine here who became a Christian last winter; this is her senior year, and she has had the influence of these hours a long time working upon her heart; and I asked her if she used

to enjoy her half-hours, and whether or not she spent them as now, and if she used ever to take one of her text-books with her, this last being the way that some will do so as to obey the "letter of the law." She answered, "No, indeed! I never could do that." She had felt then as though God was with her, and that she must acknowledge his presence. And I think that this is the experience of many others, though of course not of all. You can judge what must finally be the tendency of such minds after the continued practice of thus setting apart an hour each day. . . . .

Perhaps I did not mention to you that I do not intend to return to the Seminary next year. My friends advise and wish me to remain at home a year, and I have decided to do so, and be graduated the year following. I wish this year to be of benefit to myself and to those with whom I shall be associated; and what I am to do that it may prove such, is now the question that often arises with me. My life, or perhaps I should say the manner of spending my time, will be very different from that of the past two years, so that I fear that much earnest effort will need to be made on my part, or the influence will be of a wrong kind. . . . . In these past two years I have been under altogether different influences from those I was under before, and God has made me a different person: has given me a new birth in my soul. Am I not, then, more responsible for my actions than I was before? My friends know what I profess. Will they not expect things from me very different from those they formerly expected? Shall any act of mine lead their souls further from Christ? I pray the dear Lord to give me grace and strength, and yet I know that he will leave much for me to do; many decisions between right and wrong moods must be mine. I know that I need grace just for now. It is not for next week or next year that I am to seek it. But yet, I cannot help looking forward with fear and trembling to all that I must meet and resist next year. I know that God will require that I be a Christian in everything and at all times. . . . . I am much troubled about the coming year, more so than I have expressed, I think of so many temptations that will surround me, and so many cases in which I do not now know what would be the right and what the wrong mode of action. I did not mean to tell you as much as I have; pardon me if I have presumed too much.

TICONDEROGA, AUG. 4, 1864.

. . . . . *Determine to seek the Saviour at once!* It is dangerous to delay, and you are losing invaluable time that you would be glad to spend in his service. When once the resolve is taken, you will care nothing for the

remarks or actions of friends which perhaps you dread to meet now. Once resolve to be utterly and forever his, and the work is done. Feel your own weakness, and tell Jesus your trouble. He will answer. He will give you peace and strength. He is waiting to receive your heart, and will cleanse it, and make it pure and white; a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. You know not what a precious love you are rejecting, what a dear Friend you are grieving, yes, despising, by thus refusing to yield your heart. You know your own weakness. Feel it fully, and tell Jesus of it; ask him to take you and to make you his own. O! darling, do seek to realize what you are doing by thus refusing to become a Christian when your own heart tells you that you ought to become one. Your own letter answered many of your questions better than I can answer them for you. I know that you were feeling deeply when you wrote. You must pardon me if I have spoken too plainly, but I am so very anxious that you should not delay another hour that I cannot keep my thoughts unexpressed.

TICONDEROGA, SEPT. 4, 1864.

. . . . . I have been reading Paley's Evidences of Christianity a part of the day . . . . .

God has cared for me tenderly every day of my life thus far, and can I not trust him through all the future? I need grace to live by now, and if I trust in God and watch and pray, then, when the hour of death comes, will he not give me dying grace? Then why feel troubled because I now sometimes fear to die?

TICONDEROGA, SEPT. 15, 1864.

. . . . . Suppress, in their first approach, all such feelings as those of which you complain, because they have least power then and your faculties are stronger; and because if you let them, even in their weakness, prevail upon your strength of will, your ability to counteract them will become lessened and your weakness increased, and it will be almost impossible to resist. Do not look at such pleasures on the side next the sun, or when they look attracting, but wait until you have enjoyed their false beauty and they begin to go off, and then behold their hollowness: see what a sigh and sorrow they discover to you; and, afterwards, if ever you are tempted again, remember your past experience, and you will not yield. Think of better things; let your reason guide you, and your love of the pure and true; and put your force of will into action, and you will soon wonder that you ever could have cared for what now seems to you so despicable.

TICONDEROGA, NOV. 12, 1864.

We have been together as teacher and pupil several weeks, and our intercourse, to me, has been very pleasant. I have always found you willing to work well, and if you were sometimes disappointed at your success, and discouraged, you did not on that account cease to try. Feeling that you have helped me, I wish to thank you for doing so. And, now that I am talking with you, I desire to tell you something that is on my mind.

I think that I understand enough of your nature to know that *this world* does not satisfy you. You love its pleasures; you enjoy its fields and flowers; but you feel that, after all, there is something which Nature cannot teach you. The Bible will give you this — the knowledge of our Saviour. Will you not study it *for this*, and see how worthy to be loved Jesus is? You are young now, but you are not too young to die. Religion is not the gloomy thing that some would have you think it to be. It will make your whole life happy, and your eternity blissful. Will you not embrace it *now?* You may think of your wicked heart, and say that you are not good enough; but, Christ has died on purpose to cleanse that heart, and to make you good; all you have to do, is to ask him to make you a Christian, and, if you ask believing, he will hear you and answer you. Do not wait, my dear girl, but begin *now.*

My Christian life has only just begun, and at the best has been very imperfect, but it is everything to me. Jesus at times seems so precious, so full of love, that all this world could not purchase my hope in him. I only ask you to "come and see how good the Lord is." Do not hesitate to consecrate your best years to him. I am praying for you, and will you not promise me that you will pray for yourself? *Pray every day.* Our Father's promises are sure. He will hear you, if you only believe and put your whole trust in him. Will you promise me, ——, to try to be a Christian?

I trust that I shall not have offended you by writing this note. Let me assure you that nothing but my interest in you and my love for your soul could have prompted me to write it.

Will you think of this subject, and feel free to talk with me upon it? Come to me at any time. I shall be only too glad to help you all that is in my power.

May God be with you, and teach you just what to do.

TICONDEROGA, NOV. 26, 1864.

..... You will wonder, perhaps, why I am so busy. I will tell you, but do not laugh at the idea. I am teaching in the Academy. The school opened much better than was expected; and, as two teachers were found insufficient, I was invited to assist. It seems very strange to have as pupils many of those with whom I have been in class. It is now vacation; but, in one week, I expect to commence another term. We had about one hundred and thirty pupils. I have nothing to do with the government of the school except in recitations..... I had most of the classes in mathematics. You know I used to get exceedingly discouraged over those studies, but I like them now. I had a fine class in Greenleaf's Arithmetic and Robinson's Algebra; I knew how to sympathize with the girls in Percentage, and I assure you I had occasion often enough to do so..... I work with all my might, though, and am very much happier than when I at first came home and had too much leisure. I am happiest when I am exerting myself for somebody, and for some object; but I must study this winter, beside teaching, as I have studies to learn before I return to Mt. Holyoke. It will be rather hard to prepare them, as, with all my classes in mathematics, I necessarily study for them a part of the evening; but if I am well I can do it I think: at any rate, I feel that I must.

But, Miss ——, is not teaching an almost incalculably responsible duty with so many immortal souls constantly looking to us for an example? And then, to think that among so many not one is a Christian! It seems as though I must do something for them other than indirectly. Oh that there were here an earnest worker to lead them in the right way! When the last great day comes, may it be found that the blood of no soul rests on my garments. It it certain that there are whitening fields before me, but I am standing with rusty blade. My position does not always seem as it does to-night; but I cannot help saying, What have I accomplished and what am I doing? It would be just if God should say, "Cut down the barren fig tree; why cumbereth it the ground?" O Miss ——, I do walk with very weak, faltering steps. But there is a comfort. My Saviour is perfect, and I would wrap his robe of shining whiteness round my imperfections. How I wish I could see you! I wish to talk with you. I used to prize our talks extremely. You have done a great deal for me, and I thank you for it. May God reward you. I think that I have not done my duty of late, for I cannot so easily as once think of God and heaven. How our souls shiver in our every-day life: I bustle about, and, in my haste, forget that my soul is starving. How little of devotion there is in our daily life! Oh! when

I stop and think, I am sick at heart. What *can* I do? What do *you* do? Life, with its great responsibilities, is rushing me on, yet I am strangely insensible. Immortal souls are under my care; earnest eyes look at me every day; sometimes they seem to say, "Dying! dying!" I wish I could awake. "Oh! dull learner of God's truth! open your eyes, and unstop the deaf ears, for this body must soon put on immortality."

TICONDEROGA, JAN., 1865.

.....I have twelve recitations to hear each school-day, most of them very pleasant ones.....I work harder, I think, than I ever did in my life. I labor with all my might during the day, and then study all the evening, as I have three studies to learn before I return to the Seminary; so you may know that I am constantly occupied, and you must not be surprised if you receive a hurriedly written letter, as usual, from me. I hate dressed-up letters.

Dear friend, you ask me if I ever feel as if I were forgetting Christ or my duty. Oh, yes indeed, and very often sometimes; so many cares have been on my mind that I know I have often let them take from me the time that I ought to have spent in thinking of God.....I fear that I have been standing still. I have been looking at myself and not at my glorious Saviour, and death seems to me sometimes like a dreadful shadow falling across my pathway, no matter how sunny; then, again, it seems really a transition whereby I shall pass into a more intimate companionship with my God. I have been thinking anxiously of the future, and of the strange events that are sealed up in its bosom, forgetting that I have an Arm to lean on that will never fail. Life seems inexpressibly strange to me. What are we thinking of? Why do we live so motionless? Death is hastening on. I can't tell what makes me think so much of death. This is a beautiful world that God has made for his children; but he has made it also a world of work and action. But why is it that we sometimes have such dreadful feelings, when all is light in the Lord?.....

Will the new year, think you, bring peace and joy once more to our land, — a righteous peace, — one that the Lord will give us? So let us trust and pray.

Oh! is it not strange that when God loves us with such a wonderful love, when heaven itself is made by loving, when what little happiness we have in this life depends upon how much we love, — is it not very strange that there is so little love in the world? How God loves to give us pleasure! He does not need our weak efforts to accomplish his noble purposes; but he suffers us to work in his kingdom simply, it seems to me, because he knows

it may give us pleasure and increase our happiness hereafter. Oh, how eagerly we ought to watch for work from God! But, instead of doing this, how often do we trample it under our feet, and fail to realize that he sent it! Did you ever notice how God does not impose his work upon us? He simply sends it to us, and leaves us to choose whether or not we will do it.

How I wish I could always live as with eternity in view! Would it not be a grand and glorious life?

Have you read the eighth chapter of Romans lately? I think a great deal of it. Every one of its verses is a jewel, and some of them are diamonds. There is, I know, truth grand and sublime wrapped up in all the books of the Bible; but in some way I do not know just how to find it as in Romans, and the Epistles of John. I am extremely glad for you, my dear girl, that the way seems brighter before you. I knew that the light would come at last. Do not, I beg of you, ever give up. In all things that seem dark to you God will see light, and he will bring you into it just as soon as he sees that you are able to bear it. I do remember you, and love you, too; yes, very much.

TICONDEROGA, FEB. 19, 1865.

I have not been with you for two terms as your teacher without becoming deeply interested in you. But I cannot feel that I have done my duty toward you until I have spoken to you of a subject which has been in my mind for some time.

I have watched you carefully, my dear girl, and I think that I know enough of your nature to feel confident that this world does not satisfy you. You love much that is in it. Your attachments to it are strong. But is there not, in your inmost soul, sometimes a longing for that which this world cannot give? I love you very much, ——, and I love your soul, and cannot bear the thought that it has not been given to Christ. I believe that you think of these things sometimes, and I wish to urge you to choose now whom you will serve; to conceive clearly what a precious love you are daily rejecting unless you trust implicitly in Jesus Christ alone. As I listened to the sermon to-day, I thought of you, and I cannot express to you the earnestness with which I desire to see you one of God's children. I beseech of you, my dear ——, to think of these things now. Do not defer doing so any longer, for you may be too late.

I know that to resolve to begin a new life will seem at first a trial to you. I know of all the temptations surrounding you. But in Christ is all fulness. Do not look at your own heart too much; but, when the thought of your own sins is overpowering, look away from yourself to Jesus Christ, and

remember that his love is full enough and free enough to cover every sin. He died to save your soul. Are you not willing to accept the atonement as sufficient to cover your greatest sins?

Do not think that you must wait until you are better before you seek Christ. Come just as you are, and tell him all, and ask him to receive you, and to lead you into the true way. O, ——, there is such a full peace and happiness in believing, that I do want you to know of it. My Christian life has been, at the best, a very imperfect one; but worlds could not purchase the hope I have in Christ. I only ask you to come and see how good the Lord is. It is danger to delay. For the sake of your own soul, for the sake of your own happiness both in this world and in the great hereafter, and in remembrance of the better influence that through a new life you may have upon other minds, I ask you to think conscientiously and prayerfully before you decide to put off these things.

I shall always remember your kind treatment of me during the terms in which I have been your teacher, and I shall be interested to hear of your progress from time to time. I trust that you will not be offended with me for writing to you this note when I tell you that nothing but my love for your soul could have prompted me to write it. It would give me great pleasure if you would write to me a note and tell me freely of your thoughts upon this subject. I urge you to read your Bible and to pray. I leave you now in the hands of God, and I shall love to pray for you. If I can ever, in any way, be of service to you, remember that my heart and hand are ready. That God may bless you, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend.

TICONDEROGA, March 19, 1865.

. . . . . Sometimes the world and all its joys seem inexpressibly hollow. I think of heaven, and long to go to my rest. Oh, how blessed is Christ!

TICONDEROGA, APRIL 2, 1865.

You know I told you that at the close of last term I gave five of my girls each a note. Yesterday I received a letter from one of them, and such a loving, grateful letter that I feel encouraged. . . . . I am still in school. I teach now but about two hours a day. . . . . R——, life seems more real, more earnest, and shorter than ever it used. I believe that I have grown old this year.

TICONDEROGA, APRIL, 1865.

. . . . . Are your teachers familiar and kind? Tell me all about them. What is the character of the pupils? Have you any favorites yet? Be

careful, my girl, about choosing your friends too soon. Be perfectly courteous and friendly to all, but do not have an intimate friend until you are sure that you choose a true one; and probably even then it would be best not to be very intimate. Do not misunderstand me. I would not have you cold and heartless. Be frank and natural, but be thoughtful and careful. . . . .

What church do you attend? Have you a good minister? I hope that you will enjoy the religious privileges; you certainly will know how to appreciate them, you have been so long deprived of some of the best forms of such privileges here at home. I cannot believe that this place can much longer remain in its present degree of disregard of all that concerns its state hereafter. Religion seems frozen from the churches, or rather from the hearts of the people. I wish to ask you to pray with me for the blessing of God upon us, and that his work may be revived in the hearts of us all. You know that where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, God will be in the midst of them, and that to bless. Let us pray earnestly for his assistance. I wish that I were more in earnest in my Master's cause. I feel ashamed of my half-heartedness and forgetfulness. . . . .

Let me hear all about yourself — everything; your daily duties, joys and sorrows, your little trials, and, above all, your thoughts of God and desires for your soul's salvation.

I do not forget you, dear girl.

TICONDEROGA, APRIL 14, 1865.

. . . . . Last term, in my class in Greenleaf's Arithmetic, when I had a dull scholar I knew how to sympathize with him; for, if any one ever made loud complaint over that study, I did, when you were my teacher. I wonder that you always were so patient with me. But how different the matter all seems now. The study is so easy that the scholars all think I love arithmetic; but they little know the heated furnace I once went through in order to acquire it. But Algebra I delight in teaching. . . . .

I cannot bear to think that dear Miss H——, the Principal of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, is dead. Four of the teachers I loved best there, are gone, two to their final rest. My best friends among the scholars are not there. I cannot anticipate much happiness in the senior year except in my studies; still, for nothing would I give up returning, it has so long been the plan of my life.

TICONDEROGA, MAY 7, 1865.

. . . . . It would seem that every energy ought to be put forth in work. "The field is the world," and wherever we are there is work to be done

which should call forth the most earnest energies of the soul. It is no matter *where* we work, only *how*. . . . . R——, are you gaining strength day by day? Does heaven seem more your future home? In some way the thought, "all on earth is shadow, all beyond is substance," frequently comes into my mind to-day. O, R——! to think of the unspeakable love of Christ, of all the glories hereafter to the righteous, of all the joy of communion with saints and angels and with God, and yet that we are so unmindful, so thoughtless and ungrateful, as to live for this shadowy present! . . . . .

TICONDEROGA, May 21, 1865.

. . . . . I have been out in the woods to-day, and found inexpressibly beautiful flowers. Do you know how I love flowers? I think more of them every year. They remind me of God. And when I look at them, I think of him the more. I wish that I could always have them near. I was out some time this evening all alone. The beautiful things about me, though, made me feel as if surrounded by thousands.

TICONDEROGA, JUNE 11, 1865.

. . . . . I am not nearly as well as usual this summer. I feel a depression which I *cannot* overcome; but in some way I feel as though I am not going to live a great while. I do not say this to any one; but I have a pain under each shoulder, which, I am told, proceeds from my lungs, and I can do just nothing without feeling extremely tired. Don't think about it, R——; I don't know why I wrote it to you. I am making my arrangements — such as studying and sewing — to return to the Seminary in September. Perhaps these feelings come simply because I am not very well. But I cannot persuade myself to thinking otherwise. Dear R——, I ask that you will pray earnestly for me, that I may serve my God while living, and that I may die joyfully. I want to hear from you very much. I love you as you do not know that I do. I want to be more in earnest in everything, — more thoughtful. Do pray for me; it will strengthen me. I received an extremely good letter from Miss E—— recently, also one from Miss T——. May God be with you, and bless every one of your efforts for souls.

TICONDEROGA, JUNE 22, 1865.

. . . . . You would not wish to go like a jaded and worn-out war-horse into life's Waterloos. No, no, my dear girl: give your youth and energies to the service of your Master, and you will only wish you had more to give. You know the way, my dear friend, so I will not try to tell you; only I do feel as if I must with my whole heart urge you to come now to the resolu-

tion to begin a new life before it shall prove too late. If you were not to be appealed to to do this for the service of God, just for your own sake I would urge you; you would have so much more real happiness in this life. And think of the blissful existence for billions of ages hence!

You do not know how it gladdens my heart to learn that you have not yielded to some of your temptations in society. Never, my dear girl, be ashamed to stand up for the right and for God, wherever you are, and in whatever circumstances you may be placed. And do it with the right motive in your heart. Be perfectly truthful, sincere, and conscientious; and let me mention it last, through not least, — prayerful.

I believe just as much in asking God to help me learn a lesson as I do in asking him to aid me in any greater undertaking. He has a care concerning everything we do; and, amid all the multiplicity of objects over which his watchfulness is exerted, we need never fear our being overlooked or neglected. We can come at all times, and find him ready and willing to help us. Why, ——, when you are a Christian you will wonder how you ever lived before. Do come and see how good our dear Lord is! When you are in doubt about anything, in school, at work, or in company, just lift up your heart mentally, and ask God, for Jesus' sake, to guide you. Be in the habit of this ejaculatory prayer. But I must not talk too much to you, though my heart is full of things I wish to say. Still, I may weary you, and then the little good I may present will all fall upon barren ground. ..... I am hard at work, and not very well; but I hope to be better before I go away, or I fear I shall have a hard year at school. ....

On many accounts the past year has been the most pleasant and profitable one I ever spent. I have learned much by teaching.

TICONDEROGA, JULY 2, 1865.

..... The month of June is ended, and in some way I regret it. I feel something as I would toward a dear friend that had left for a long absence, but in parting with whom I had forgotten what I most wished to say; so now I feel that I did not think to enjoy it as I wished. The last day of June I was riding with my brother just as the sun was setting. I came into a most beautiful place, not far from the old French lines near Fort Ticonderoga. The landscape about me was beautiful. About a mile before me was Lake Champlain; then on the other side of it were the green fields of Vermont; still further were the mountains, which faded away into the blue summits far beyond, above which were the most beautiful clouds, — those glorious golden clouds, which look like cities and hills of the Un-

known Place. In some way the thought came to me that it looked as I imagined Heaven did. The rays of the setting sun fell upon it all. It was June's grand and beautiful good-by. . . . . I shall always associate you with the month of June, for I believe that we were happiest together then; we read its messages together. I would love to live over again some of those days. My love for you is pleasant to me in a manner and to a degree that I cannot easily express. It is of that kind which has drawn me nearer to my Master, for we have together thought of him, and loved his gifts surrounding us on every side. R——, it seems as if science was trying to prove a God in everything. Will it not be glorious if the world shall one one day acknowledge the silent presence of the Personal Spirit in all the works which we admire? I love to think of the proof that is leading it to such acknowldgment. I feel God nearer.

Allow me to quote an extract from a speech delivered by one of the students at Harvard (perhaps you may remember whom); I read it last night:

"When Science demonstrates the law of the Spiritual Origin of Force, it fills the world with the hushed and awful sense of the Divine Omnipresence. To me, for one, there seems to be no thought in the whole domain of what can be learned from nature alone, capable of being made so organizing and redemptive in the individual life, and in that of society, as the one which now forms the moral inspiration of the leaders of science everywhere, that every natural law is, literally, a Present Thought of the Deity; or, in other words, that since *only* matter and mind exist in the universe, and since matter is *inert*, every *change* in matter, from the falling of a leaf to the flight of a planet, must be directly produced by Spirit. The sweep of this hallows the universe. It overawes the soul; and, according as the life is not with the truth or with it, becomes the spiritual instrument of penalty or transfiguration, a consuming or a transporting fire. Action, action in the awe of the Unseen, demonstrably enveloping us as the ether; instant, fearless, half-inspired action, in the sphere of the highest duty, is the result to which all our faculties lead us, when once this thought of science is fully grasped."

Do you believe all this, R——? It certainly brings God nearer.

TICONDEROGA, JULY 23, 1865.

I am in so much mental pain that I can scarcely think, yet I must write to ask your prayers. My sister is very ill; three times we thought her dying. I kissed her, as I thought, for the last time; but she revived, and looks

better, but cannot help herself more than an infant. . . . . Do pray for her, and for us all. I have talked with her about dying, and prayed with her. She prayed also (you know we never could speak together easily of the subject of religion). . . . . Oh, I never knew what trouble is as I do now! But I thank God that I can trust in Jesus to sustain me; and whatever comes, I expect and trust that he will give me grace and strength to bear it. . . . . I love to teach. I love my Sabbath-school class more than I can tell. I never had a class for any length of time before. I do want to live with thoughts of God constantly in my heart, and with a view of heaven and eternity right before me.

TICONDEROGA, JULY 30, 1865.

My heart is inexpressibly desolate. I cannot write; yet I wish to tell you all, and perhaps doing so will relieve me. Wednesday my sister died. She was my only sister, and our eldest child. It seems as though the joy of life was crushed out of my heart. I wanted to lie down in the grave beside her. But, oh! I have this great comfort: she died intelligently happy. She said, "I'm to trust;" and her last words were, "Is there music?" She was exceedingly near heaven. She talked to us all most beautifully, yet calmly and earnestly. There was a sweet smile on her countenance at the very last. I haven't one doubt but that she is in heaven; yet I miss her presence inexpressibly. This is the very first break in our family circle. Do pray for me, that it may teach me to live more wholly for God, to be in earnest, to be free from trifling. . . . . Although she was a Christian but a few days, yet she knew the way strangely well, God gave her so much grace. I never knew a more triumphant death. Surely God heard our prayers for her. Can I not trust that he will for my other friends? Heaven seems indescribably different to me now, — extremely near! — and I feel the presence of God more sensibly. Do pray earnestly for me. I need strength very much.

TICONDEROGA, AUG. 6, 1865.

When I stand at my sister's grave, and think that only a few feet from me rests her body, and that I am never to look upon it again, I feel how near and yet how infinitely far from me she is; and then, as I realize that it is not Julia that rests there, only the poor casket for the soul, the spirit-world seems strangely distant. Yet, when she died, heaven never seemed so near: as she spoke of music, and her countenance was so radiant, it seemed as if God's Spirit was almost visibly near, just waiting to bear her soul home. O, R———! when I see one so near and so happy, and permitted to see, as it were, into heaven, I feel sure that when the body and soul

are separated, the soul is at once with God. What do you think? We have no right, I know, to think too much about such things; still the thoughts will come. I understand now your unutterable longings to see your brother just once more. Dear R——, I wish that I could talk with you, we know each other's feelings so well.

I pray God that I may never again get back so wholly as before into the world..... What a change in a few short weeks! I never knew sorrow or care before. They rest heavily. I could not keep up and work on were it not for the sustaining Saviour. How little we can make plans for the future! yet I have done so all my life. I want to trust God more, and myself less.

I wish to live with eternity right before me.

Of the facts of her last illness, I am permitted to present the following account, prepared by one of the friends of the deceased:

Although actively engaged in her usual work, eagerly anticipating return to study at Mt. Holyoke, and not seriously threatened with any illness, she seemed to have a presentiment of her own approaching dissolution, and for weeks previous to her decease thoughts of death and of eternity were urged upon her mind, not only by this singular foreboding, but by repeated family bereavements. She was hastened from the dying-bed of an only sister to the couch of a suffering parent, and from thence she was summoned to the burial of a brother's beloved child. Regardless of exposure or fatigue, she exhausted her strength in efforts to relieve others. Almost the last work which she performed was to gather up and conceal from the mother's eye the familiar toys and other dear mementos of this child.

She was already suffering from over-exertion; and, on her return home from her brother's residence, Saturday, Aug. 19, she procured a teacher for her Sabbath-school class. The next day a physician was called in, who pronounced her disease a malignant form of dysentery. On Monday it had taken such violent hold upon her that she could scarcely speak above a whisper, or, even in that way, more than a few words at a time. Tuesday she was no better, and friends acquainted her with their fears. On Wednesday she was asked whether she thought it would be well with her if God should see fit to call her away, when she answered, most emphatically, "*Yes.*" She was again asked, "Do you very much desire to live?"

With great earnestness she replied, "Oh no; pray for me, that I may have *patience;* and strength to *speak* and to *think.*"

In the afternoon of the same day it was thought that if she had any last messages to give they must be made known at once; and one of her most intimate female friends with whom she had been associated in teaching, sitting by her side, bathing her temples, changing her position, and striving in vain to keep back the terrible death-sickness, gathered the last difficult and broken utterances. "I shall never forget," says that friend, "the deep solemnity of her look, as she laid her hand in mine at the commencement of the conversation, saying, 'How sudden: how hard for father and mother!' I said, 'Mary, you are not afraid to die?' 'Oh no.' 'Do you feel that all is well?' '*Yes.*' 'Have you any doubt of your acceptance?' 'Not any.' I replied, 'Neither should I have had if you had not uttered one dying word.'

"She fully understood that it was the memory of her life which must give weight to every expression of her death-bed, and seemed gratified that I had confidence in her Christian character.

"She then gave directions concerning her papers, distributed numerous gifts, arranged the funeral services, and left messages for her friends, with all the composure of one on the eve of a little journey from which she expected soon to return. From the first she expressed no desire to live, but seemed entirely submissive to the will of God. Her thoughts frequently recurred to her much-beloved Sabbath-school class. 'Tell them,' said she, 'that they are not too young to die; to remember how suddenly I was taken, with no time for preparation: it may be so with them.' And then, as the thought of all the young ladies who had so recently been under her instruction entered her mind, she spoke again, always with great difficulty, and yet with an earnestness and simplicity which will long be remembered by those who witnessed her manner, 'Tell *all* the girls how *anxious* I was for their souls.'"

On Thursday, the spasms of pain recurring with increased frequency and her strength sinking lower and lower, she left messages for each of the family circle, legacies too sacred for the eye or ear of any but those to whom they were intrusted. Her last words on Thursday night, about twenty minutes before she ceased breathing, were, "Father, turn me over; there, I am easier now. I think it is the last time."

And so it was, easier and easier, until the end — or rather until the *beginning.* The eternity which she so labored to realize as only a little way before her, opened fully upon her vision. The Saviour whose unseen pres-

ence she had delighted to follow through paths of natural and revealed religion, until it became to her the spring of every virtue and of every joy, now welcomed her to the "house not made with hands."

"For a few moments," says one who was a witness of the scene, "all seemed dark — a crushing weight we could not bear. But not long did our heavenly Father leave us thus. From over the river beyond there came glimmerings of the light of an eternal life. This dear Mary had gained; and the more we thought, the more the light brightened. Safe on the other shore, her pure spirit seemed to beckon us to a home in the better land. I have witnessed at the Christian's death expressions of peace, joy and triumph; but *never* such entire self-forgetfulness, never a more perfect trust, and never more desire for the salvation of others. Her death was in perfect keeping with her life."

Fervent and oft-repeated has been the wish among her friends that the record of her earnest self-culture and Christian activity might be, as was her personal presence, a blessing and an inspiration to all who come under its influence. The hope was well-grounded, and confidently indulged by her teachers and those who knew her most intimately, that a life begun by such self-scrutiny and devotion to the truth would become yet more and more an intellectual and spiritual power. We had planned for her a sphere of activity, and of usefulness; we, too, had hoped for a "glorious harvest season — long, ripe, rejoicing;" but scarcely had she learned to wield the sharp sickle before it was wrested from her grasp. She scattered seed by the wayside, and left others to garner the fruit. She planted thoughts, whose buds and blossoms she was never to look upon. We call her young, but that life which wears its crown of virtuous deeds has no need to be measured by years.

Earnestly as she battled for the right while it was yet day, and sincerely as she hoped for a long life of service in the Redeemer's work, yet no shade of disappointment clouded her brow when the night came, and the cry was heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

She enjoyed Christian labor because it was the expression and proof of her love to God; because it was the natural language of her religious life; because with it might be connected everlasting results to those most dear to her; and, most of all, because she believed it to be pleasing to God. Yet she felt that his eternal purposes could all be carried forward without her feeble aid; and, when her Lord called her to his immediate presence, she was willing to "depart and be with Christ."

The evidences of her preparation had been scattered through all the

past three years. But one of the most touching final proofs was, that, great as were her intelligence and constitutional caution, and particularly her religious caution and self-distrust, and although her illness was of but six days' duration, her anxiety to the last was for others, and not for herself. "I go over minutely in thought," says one who knew the deceased intimately, "the facts that are almost too sacred to be put upon paper; and, after all of them have been considered, the most supporting one to me is, not that the peace was so perfect, but that it was so intelligent."

In analysis and as a summary of the traits of her character, I am permitted to present the following paper, prepared by one of her own sex at one time a teacher of the deceased:

Those who knew her well will love to remember the more prominent traits which combined to render her character at once symmetrical and strong.

One of these was an entire simplicity in manner and expression, as beautiful as it is rare. Always in the attitude of a learner, especially in the presence of those whom she considered her superiors, it was not strange that she found lessons where some of her associates saw only empty forms.

In accordance with this trait was the perfect trust of her religious life. If ever there was one who "received the kingdom of God as a little child," she was eminently such. Fields and woods and flowers were not more real to her than were God's omnipresence and his love. She took the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity as the appropriate revelations of a God, and to her was almost literally verified the spirit of the passage, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

Quick to discern inconsistencies, she grasped with eagerness the thought that man only shows his impotence by seeking to penetrate all the secrets of eternity, when as yet he cannot fathom a tithe of the mystery which envelops his temporal being. It was enough for her to stand as a lowly worshipper in the outer court of the tabernacle of truth, without seeking to lay violent hands on the vail that separates from the Most Holy.

She gave not only her heart to Christ, but also all the intellectual capabilities of her being.

It is no part of the object of this memorial to represent hers as a perfect character. She had faults, for she was human. The whole language of her life might have been interpreted — "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." It is more than probable that those who watched her conduct in the privacy of

the domestic circle from year to year will remember sudden and fierce conflicts with the tempter, in which she was betrayed into inconsistencies of word and deed, which they could not follow to the stillness of the closet where they might have witnessed the bitter work they made for repentance. Her character was too marked to be easily given over by the arch-enemy.

But she was painfully aware of her faults, and struggled persistently to overcome them. That her improvement was manifest, cannot fail to attract the attention of any who may peruse these letters. Scattered as they are, at unequal distances, through five brief years, what an education of thought and emotion do they present! We turn the pages with the feeling that though she speaks with the simplicity of a child, they are not a child's thoughts which she utters.

The secret of this rapid growth was in the fact that she was apt to learn. Possessed of a well-balanced mind, she not only put herself in the position of a learner, but, when there, applied herself with an energy and persistence which knew no defeat. Those who have listened to her recitations at school will bear witness to the sudden glow of satisfaction which lit up her countenance at the acquisition of some new idea or unexpected triumph.

Her standard of scholarship at Mt. Holyoke, as elsewhere, was always high, above that of the average of pupils; yet she had determined that her last year at the Seminary should record a degree of proficiency not yet attained, and to this end spent the summer days, which should have been given to recreation, in laborious study. Her teachers at South Hadley represent her as an "earnest, thoughtful student, seeking in her studies, as in everything else, to honor God. This, with the uniform cheerfulness, and almost entire self-abnegation which she manifested, rendered her presence a continual blessing."

Her attachment for all the associations of Mt. Holyoke was strong. How much she valued the opportunities for culture and refinement, and especially the religious privileges which she enjoyed there, her letters give abundant proof. She frequently remarked, during the year of her absence, "I miss my Seminary helps so much that I fear I shall lose Christian ground."

Among the last acts woven like a bright thread into her history, amid hours of suffering which threatened instant dissolution, was a bequest of books to the Sabbath-school of her native town, and fifty dollars for Foreign Missions.

One of her friends has said, "The priceless thing in her character, as all who knew her would be willing to testify, was the perfect supremacy of conscience. If ever there was a nature in which the supremacy of con-

science was so perfect as to be almost unconscious, — and I believe it is never perfect until it is largely so, — hers was one. I think I *know* that she had deliberately bent her whole will into exact accord with her best possible knowledge of the Divine will, and that to preserve the coincidence of the two, in everything and forever, was the supreme object for which she lived. She received and held with wonderful clearness the scriptural and some of the metaphysical proofs of the Divine Omnipresence. There were few thoughts more influential in her experience than the doctrine which Science has demonstrated, that since only matter and mind exist in the universe, and since matter is inert, all Force must be spiritual in its origin. She grasped this thought with a swiftness, a delight, and an energy of apprehension that led her to see clearly that it could in no point be forced into doctrinal error, and it made the commonest paths of life sacred and radiant to her. She walked constantly as if enswathed by the Divine Personal Presence, an avenging or transporting fire, according as her life was with the truth or in opposition to it. The instantaneousness and energy with which she put into action the slightest dictate of her conscience, no matter how contrary to the natural bent of her character, were the traits in her which, in connection with her quickness, breadth, and penetration of mind and beauty of spirit, some of her friends loved inexpressibly; but they came from her awe and love of the Unseen." "I made up my mind that it was my duty, and I dared not do anything else:" "There are no trifles." These slight remarks and others like them, frequent in her conversations, and uttered with that perfect unconsciousness that she was saying anything noticeable which always marked her manner in every expression of this kind, and without which they would *not* have been noticeable, were perfectly characteristic of a mood which, without excluding great vivacity and a thoughtful and affectionate playfulness, imparted its atmosphere to all that she did or said.

And yet, what is a little singular, although her conscience was educated into such lively activity, it exhibited no trace of morbidness. Quick to perceive even trifling imperfections, instead of yielding to depression of spirits, she resolutely set herself to the work of amendment.

But, in speaking of distinguishing characteristics, her Christian zeal deserves prominent notice. That the one desire of winning souls ran parallel with all the hopes of her religious life, seems evident from her continued labors for the good of others. One who closely observed her spiritual growth while at South Hadley thus writes: "At length she walked in the light, and cheerfully took her place among the Christians of the school,

voluntarily leading in prayer in the meetings, at which she was always present. From that time her spiritual growth was rapid and interesting. Always ready and glad to talk of Jesus, earnestly seeking to do something for her schoolmates out of Christ, ever bearing about with her the burden of the home community unblessed and dear friends unconverted, — hers was in truth an earnest and devoted life."

Though possessed of a vivid imagination, she had little sympathy with dreams and vagaries. She loved the still hour of secret meditation, but when alone with God she wanted to be thoroughly awake. Her thoughts, expressed with the simplicity of real feeling, were intelligent, healthful, and invigorating. What a noticeable absence of that sickly sentiment, so common in young persons of her age, is there in the numerous extracts here presented! It has been remarked that "she knew as few know the difference between sentiment and principle. With her, sentiment was nothing until it became principle, and principle nothing until it became action. Obedience, with her, was the only proof of the possession, and the chief avenue for the reception, of spiritual knowledge." In accordance with this severe test, her very words often seemed like deeds. One of her townsmen has added this tribute of appreciation: "Oh that all of her sex were like her, — so strong, so generous, so good, so brave even! then might we, whose natures are stronger and coarser, receive still more benefit from their presence, counsel, and example."

With some there is a blending of excellences and defects in such a way that the two seem almost to counterbalance each other; but this was in no sense true of her. She combined excellence of character with superiority of intellect. She possessed conscientiousness without morbidness, strength of judgment without masculinity, good taste without sentimentality, executive vigor without harshness, devoutness without any distaste for proper secular activity, tact without a shred of affectation, the power of loving with the power of thinking, delight in meditation with fondness for action; in short, beauty of spirit with alertness, breadth, and penetration of mind.

Such was the life whose influence we seek to perpetuate, not because she was possessed of extraordinary abilities, nor because her intellectual acquirements were remarkable, considering the advantages which she enjoyed, but because she made so wise an improvement of the powers which God had given her; because it is hoped that, through her example, those early in years may rise to comprehend the true end of life; that those who have hitherto been intimately associated with her in Christian effort, may be stimulated to new exertions; that those who have shared her daily instruc-

tion, and awakened her tender solicitude, may hear a voice out of the stillness of this death-chamber speaking to them; that those who have listened in the Sabbath-school to the exposition of revealed truth from her lips, may be more vividly impressed with the need of a Christian's supporting faith; that all who mourn may find their truest consolation in imitating her example so far as she imitated Christ.

"I am nearest to her," says one afflicted in this bereavement, "when I am striking the most actively at my nearest duty. This feeling influences me at all times, and in a manner which I cannot well express. Instead of wearying the heavens with beseeching eyes for one glimpse of the countenance that is now transfigured, let us look fixedly into the face of our nearest duty; and, if we look long enough, we shall see beneath it eyes and lips that are not of this world, but are in the world, and for which we search: eyes into which ours may look and lips which ours may touch, but only *through* the eyes and lips of that nearest duty, however odious."

That other friends may thus come near to the spirit of the dead, through channels of lowly toil and self-sacrifice; that, looking through this human life and its short mission, they may behold in shadow what the Redeemer's life was in substance, is the desire of those who prepare this brief memorial.

These extracts from the correspondence of the deceased revealing glimpses of her inner life, this account of her last illness and death, and this analysis of her character combine to bring back and to enforce with accumulated emphasis the words of the text: "Prepare to meet thy God." And all these personal voices, gathering here to-day, not only reiterate the warning of Revelation, but are among the instruments by which, through providence, the Infinite One speaks to us his present thought concerning ourselves.

They come to you, Christian men and women, as earnest exhortations and timely examples. They bid you "work while it is day, for the night cometh." They seem to repeat continually, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." They call your thoughts to the multitude about you, some of whom perhaps are in your own families, unpre-

pared to meet God. They bid you hasten to the rescue of perishing souls. They direct your eyes to fields white for the harvest, and entreat you to gather up some sheaves for the Lord's garner. They urge you to prepare yourselves to meet God, — not merely to enter heaven, but to enter with gladness, triumph, and glory, — to win a place near the throne, a crown gemmed with many stars.

And this hour has its solemn words for those who are not yet the friends of God. To them, in particular, the prophet speaks in my text. To them, she to whom faith has now become sight left her dying admonitions. To them, her spirit, seeming to hover over us, still speaks. All the circumstances around us have lessons for them. The air is full of voices which warn them most earnestly and solemnly to prepare to meet God. The Holy Spirit pleads with them through the mournful event which has called us together to-day. Once more they are told that they must soon be summoned into the presence of their Maker and that this meeting may come suddenly. Well will it be for them if they learn wisdom from these lessons.

A dying bed is a poor place to prepare to meet God. It is almost certain that nearly all who put off their preparation till then, fail to secure it, and go into eternity unprepared. This is a fact full of a warning of which the solemnity cannot be exaggerated. Heed it, I beseech you, and to-day prepare to meet God.

Words spoken by the deceased in her last hours carry my thoughts especially to the youth: "Tell all the girls how anxious I was for their souls." Do not these words awaken an echo in your hearts? Have you no anxiety for your own souls? Are you not troubled at your unfitness to meet God?

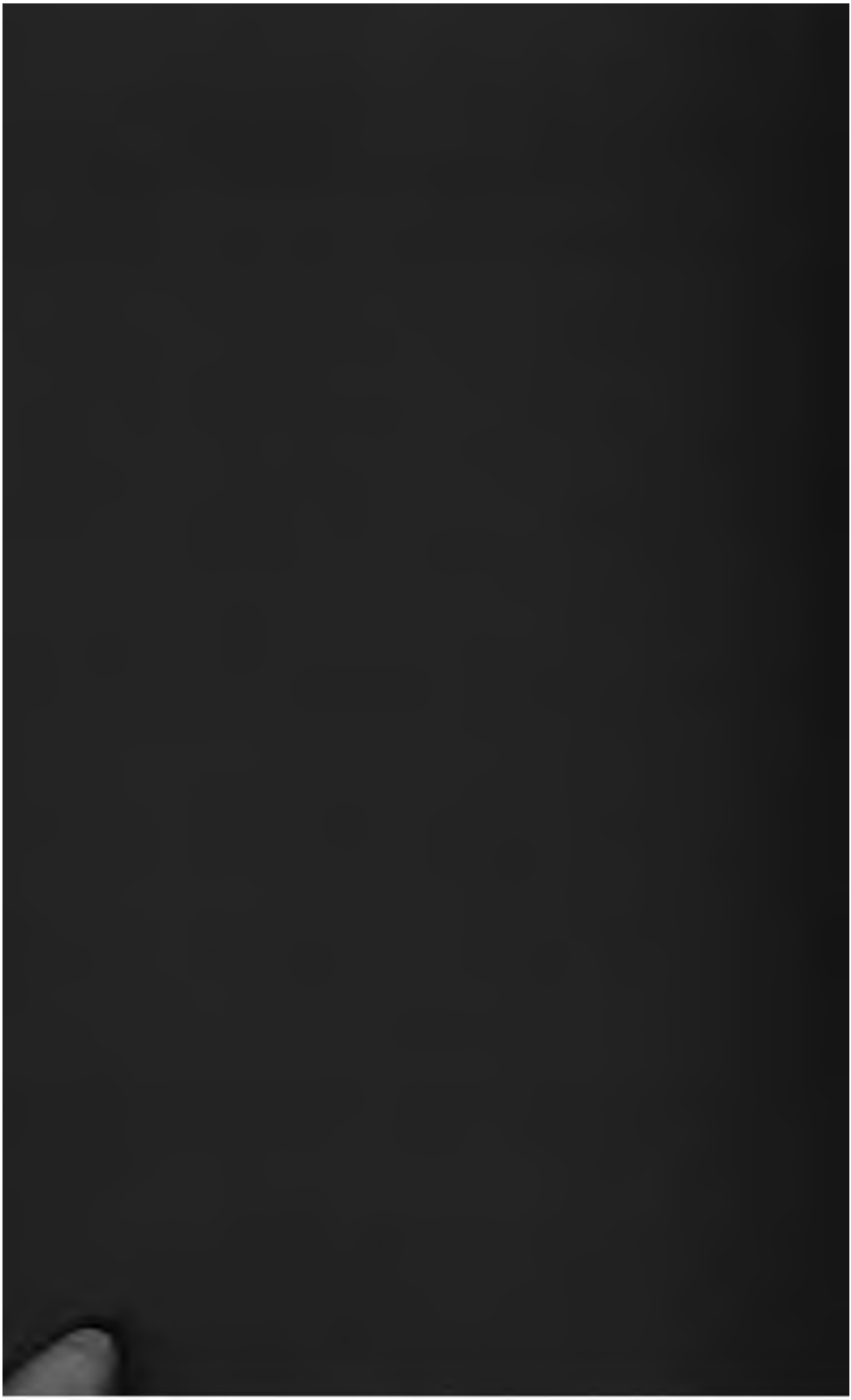
You who enjoyed the privilege of friendly intercourse with the departed, have you no longing for its continuance in heaven? I entreat you with an earnestness which it is impossible for me to express, as it seems to me that she is now beseeching you, to give your hearts utterly and forever to God that thus you also may be gathered with her at last in the mansions Christ has gone to prepare.

Following the course of other of her dying thoughts I turn to her Sabbath-school class. I would bid you recall the lessons you have heard from those lips now silent. I would remind you of the place you occupied in that heart which throbs no longer; of the deep interest your teacher now "passed into the skies" felt in your salvation. I would speak to you of the prayers which you know she offered for you in the fulness of her affection. Under the influence of these memories I entreat you to obey her instructions, to seek Christ now, to prepare to meet God. Ponder her last words to you.

Following again her last thoughts, I turn to you, much afflicted friends. To you the subject of our meditations brings comfort and counsel. It has rarely been my fortune to stand by a funeral bier that offered so much of both. We mourn to-day, not for the dead, but for ourselves. It is a glorious thing to have passed away from earth prepared to meet God. Thus we believe Mary passed away. And when you look out upon the little knoll on which will soon be the third new-made mound, you may think, not of the decaying bodies lying there, but of the newly-robed spirits that beckon to you from the heavens. And this call will indescribably inspirit you to persevere in and to perfect your preparation to meet God, since on such preparation rests all

hope of reunion, which at furthest cannot be distant, with your dear ones in eternal companionship.

Allow me yet a closing word to all. What will you do with the lessons you have heard to-day? Will you forget them to-morrow? Shall the impressions of this hour quickly vanish? Shall the thoughts which have thronged your minds to-day be lost, as you plunge again into the cares of life? I entreat you, let it not be so. By all your memories of her who has gone; by her example and counsel; by the worth of your souls; by the joys of heaven which are offered to you; by the doom of the lost which threatens you; by God's great love for you; by the sufferings of the Saviour who died for you; by his intercession at the throne in your behalf, — I beseech you to give earnest and permanent heed to the many voices which to-day bid you to prepare to meet God.



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